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OUR

Lady of Litanies.

BY

XAVIER DONALD MACLEOD.

BALTIMORE:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN MURPHY & CO.
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182 BALTIMORE STREET.
1878.

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PREFACE.

I HAVE said so exactly what I want to say here, in the Preface to a little book printed last year, that I make no apology for reproducing it. I have only to add to it, that the stories herein contained are *legends* in no accepted sense of that word. They are purely imaginative, with the exception of two of the poems, and their object is simply to swell the mass of loving and beautiful thought about St. Mary. Care has been taken to see that they are theologically correct. The exceptions referred to are a family tradition which has never been printed, and the idea of the "Shrine of Bornhofen," a legendary thought common to half the parishes in Northern Europe and told in many ways by many persons already.

In spite of all that orators have said, and sweet poets sung about that miracle of love, the heart of a human mother, we cannot fathom its warm depths, nor wholly comprehend its motives of action, nor the direction which its impulses suggest. One thing we know of it, that the

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power of its love can give infinite value to the smallest offering it receives; and that it does not judge of a child's gift by its worth in the worldly sense. And we doubt whether the rich powerful son, who out of his abundance, allots to his mother thousands a year, so thoroughly stirs the deep waters of her heart, as when the little one, the darling comes with flushed face and big dancing eyes full of fondness, and brings her some poor wilted daisy gathered in the fields for her.

There was no philosophical, or educated sense of duty here, but only the pure human love sown by our Lord in the little heart as He sowed the wild flower in the field, and as yet uncorrupted by this world.

Now, our Mother Mary's heart is a human mother's heart, possessing naturally all the distinguishing attributes of a human mother's heart, even its proneness to indulgence, its uncritical pity and tenderness, and if, we may so speak, its *weaknesses* of love: and she receives from any of us who have the grace so to offer it, the least tribute of fondness, and repays it with ineffable wealth.

Remember Who was her own child here; I mean merely His humanity,—how stainless, faultless, beautiful, affectionate, unerring He was,—and then remember how the nuture and education and constant companionship of that perfect Childhood, must have ripened and developed in her the mother characteristics and attributes, to a degree immeasurably unattainable by the mothers of other children. And when you have thought well over that,

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you will recognize how the Catholic is enabled to retain so much of the *simplicity* of filial love; how he still believes that he can propitiate his Mother's displeasure, or enkindle her love, by even the smallest gifts he may bring her. We say *small*, for so they are, compared with what we might do; but she can make them of infinite worth by the alchemy of her love. A mother on earth has a power in that way immeasurable and incomprehensible by us: what power then has that Mother, who, in addition to the most perfect of human hearts, has been drinking in the limitless love and glory and pity of God, for two thousand years, in heaven.

This is why we offer books like this to our Mother, and, through her and for her, to her children. Let who will, old or young, read this book with a tender and devout heart, and he will reap benefit from it. The place of the Critic in heaven, if place there be, has not yet been revealed. The place of the loving soul is known. Think only how far a little genuine, true love may go. You know that a little mite of pure gold, beaten out, will cover a large frame and defy the dust and worm and mould and burning heat to injure what it covers. So the love that instigates and then enwraps the lesser Catholic devotions the gift to God or Mary of a flower, a book, a bit of lace for the altar, defends the heart that gave the gift from so much dust of negligence and worm of vicious association, and fiery heat of passion and corroding mold of sloth.

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It is in this spirit that we offer our "LADY OF LITANIES," and, if accepted in this spirit by its purchasers, it may prove a pleasure to Saint Mary, and consequently a benefit to us.

MOUNT ST. MARY'S.

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Kyrie eleison.

Christe eleison.

Kyrie eleison.

Christi audi nos.

Christi exaudi nos.

Pater de cœlis Deus, miserere nobis.

Fili Redemptor mundi Deus, miserere nobis.

Spiritus Sancte Deus, miserere nobis.

Sancta Trinitas unus Deus, miserere nobis.

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PRELUDE.

MARIA MATER.

Sancta Maria, I would place
These few poor wild flowers at thy feet,
All that I have to hail thy grace:
Would that the offering were more meet.

But I have nothing left on earth
That I for thee can sacrifice,
And even these must draw their worth
Alone from thy benignant eyes.

And if my weak imperfect song
Shall seem from thee alone to spring,
Let no one find herein a wrong
Dishonoring to our Sovereign king.

O dull in heart those carpers be,
For every reverent thought we pay
To thee, goes, sanctified through thee,
To Him, the Life, the Truth, the Way.

Can we believe that He to thee
Is cold in Heaven? or that our claim

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Can touch the Child less tenderly
When urged in His dear Mother's name?

Those eyes that sought thee from the Cross,
Do they avoid thee on the throne?
The lips that then consoled thy loss,
Have they forgot their loving tone?

Ah! from a creed like that, would fly
From this poor earth's existence all
That lends it beauty; love would die,
And heavenward-soaring hope would fall.

Loves He not still that sinless Earth
From whence He formed His own pure clay,
And which from its immaculate birth
Grew ever holier day by day?

Has He forgot that spotless soul?
That will which with His own was blent,
From life's first outset to its goal
And the last sacred Sacrament!

Or how thy tireless ministering
Adored His waking, watched His rest,
When He, an exiled, crownless King,
No throne had save thy tender breast?

How thou didst guard His helpless youth
With perfect love, serene and calm,
Alike 'neath Bethlehem's lowly roof
And mystic Egypt's shadowy palm?

The sorrows on thy heart outpoured,

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The tears wherewith thine eyes did swim,
And that keen, agonizing sword
Which pierced thy bleeding heart for Him?

How sweetly thou didst bear the lone,
Lone life when He had risen above,
And madest His sacred will thine own,
Till life was burned away by love?

No, Mary! never more for this
Shall His esteem or care decay;
A debt like that, a love like His
Asks all eternity to pay.

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THE FORESTER OF HEPBURN.

In the green shaw careless-hearted,
Singing while he eyed the forest,
Fergus, forester of Hepburn,
Trimmed his arrows as he stood;
His the keenest eye, the surest
Shaft, and his the truest bowstring;
His the swiftest foot that ever
Tracked the glades of Calder Wood.

Lo! athwart the verdant allies
Sweeps a dove; the shaft is fitted,—
But the bird dives into shadow.
"Gone!" quoth Fergus, and he laughed.
"Gone; but swifter I can follow,
Though the game be all unworthy;
Never hath my bow been bended
But the red blood dyed its shaft!"

Through the birken stems and foliage,
Through the tangled hawthorn thicket,
O'er the mead where golden sunlight
Lay in patches on the sward;
Over burn and brake he followed,
Down and onward toward the Chapel;
Eyes fixed firmly on the quarry,
Fingers on the tightened cord.

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Now he has it! See! the pinions
Fold; and through the air it settles,
White and slowly as a snow-wreath,
On the cross of Mary's shrine!
And the archer dropt his arrow,
Bared and crossed his forehead, saying,
"For the sake of Mary Mother,
Thou art safe from shaft of mine!"

Many a year is gone and vanished,
Runs the streamlet by the Chapel,
Calder Wood stands green as ever,
But the forester is gone.
Never more in merry woodland
Shall ye hear his jocund laughter,
Never more in merry woodland
Shall his ashen bow be drawn.

Iron gyves for forest buskins,
For his hawk glove iron fetters,
And with hands deep stained in crimson,
Low in dungeon mirk he lies.
And the sun hath passed the noontide;
O'er the window creeps the shadow;
Comes the evening grey and eerie,
And at early dawn he dies!

But the aged priest is going,
Going sad and broken-hearted.
Not a word or sign of penance
Can he win by tear or threat.
"Sorrow? No! I glory in it!
See! I kiss the hand that slew him,

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Kiss the crimson hand that slew him—
Deed too feeble for my hate!"

And the priest goes, broken-hearted,
Murmuring, "O Thou Sinners' Refuge!
I have nothing now to trust in
But thy wonder-working love."
See! athwart the steel-barred window
Flits a shadow! Like a snow-wreath,
White and soft and slow and silent,
On the ledge alights a dove!

Then the felon's eyes rain tear-drops,
Then his heart goes back to greenwood,
Where he bared and crossed his forehead
At our Blessed Lady's shrine—
"Stay, then, Father! I will hear thee!
I renounce my bitter hatred;
I repent. O hast thou healing
For a soul deep-stained as mine?"

All night long they prayed together;
And the sinner, in his anguish,
Moaned aloud and beat his bosom;
But the dove sate all the night.
Still and white and pure and patient,
And his eyes first saw *its* shadow,
On the dungeon's grimy pavement,
Outlined by the early light.

And at dawn it circled round him;
Nor for arms nor blaring trumpets,
Nor for fiercely-shouting people,

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Would it from its post be driven;
But hung hovering o'er the scaffold
Till the vengeful axe crashed downward,
And the archer's soul departed—
Then soared upward into Heaven.

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THE WEEDER AND THE SHADOW

The servant longeth for the shadow. Job.

"The morn is past and still the weeds are thick,
And the hot August noon pours on me burningly;
Mary!" she cried, "send, send that shadow quick
Which I desire so yearningly!

"For me the heat and burden of the day,
And a hard master who will show no lenity,
For *him* rich pleasure-lands stretch far away,
With groves of cool serenity.

"His are green woodlands in whose dusk arcades
The very noonday seems of twilight emulous;
No heat wins there; but in the silent glades,
The silent dews hang tremulous.

"Above his meadows in the scented air,
Each rounded knoll uplifts its green protuberance
And ripening harvests wave and shake their hair
In golden-tressed exuberance.

"The stalwart tulip tops the glorious scene,
The stately monarch of those sylvan palaces;
And his strong arms, like priests in ferial green,
Uprear their golden chalices.

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"Through the thick leaves the chastened sunbeams sift,
And pleasant shades are o'er the sward distributed;
There worms may crawl, there thistle down may drift,
But I—I am prohibited.

"Fainting, I toil; for faith I keep to all,
Though none save Heaven regardeth me observantly.
Mary!" she prayed, "when will that shadow fall
For which I pine so fervently?"

And Mary heard her from that starry throne
Where saints and angels throng in loving reverence,
And asked from her Eternal Lord and Son
The wearied one's deliverance.

Then fell the shadow; but 't was icy cold,
As of some swart, dread spirit o'er her hovering:
It wreathed around her with voluminous fold,
And wrapt her in its covering.

Chill though it was she hailed it with a smile;
And, worn with grief and toil and long infirmity,
Lay down beneath it; slept a little while;
And wakened in Eternity.

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BRENDA.

BITTERLY and fierce howled the pitiless North-west as it swept, from the fields of perpetual frost, over Iceland and the chill North Sea, and vexed into white frothing anger the waves that wash the skerries at the mouth of the great Gulf of Trondheim. It raised the great billows from the heart of the gulf, and drove them resistlessly on till they broke and sounded on the eastern shore like the tramp of invading armies.

Not a sail was to be seen upon the waters; all had fled to the sheltered coves and havens, like so many affrighted sea-birds; for the wind was white with snow, which shut out the sight of everything at a little distance; which whirled in eddies over the top of the waves, and lay along the coast in deep valleys and ridges; which pelted at door and casement, blew in upon the floor over the threshold, or swept down the chimney and hissed in the flame of the pine logs.

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The Pagans, of whom there were many still in Norway, and even the recently-converted Christians, while they blessed themselves with the holy sign, muttered that Nippen the Spirit of the Storm was out to-night. But the faster the snow fell, the wilder the wind howled, the higher where the logs piled up, and the turf foundation of the fire reformed on the wide stone-hearth of Magnus Thurleson. There the red fire light filled the whole room, flickering up amid the strong fir rafters of the ceiling, or flashing upon the bear spears, battle-axes, huge spiked maces, coats of mail and long double-handed swords, which hung upon the panneled walls.

Around the cheerful blaze sat the master of the house, a giant Norwegian of fifty, and his comely dame, their only daughter Brenda, and a young man of twenty-four or five. A little by themselves were grouped the domestics of the house—the men making nets or carving beechen bowls, and the women twirling the busy spindle, or making garments of fur. A large niche, containing a rude yet pleasant picture of Our Lady and a well-formed iron cross, showed that the family was a Christian one. Indeed, that might be told by the ejaculatory prayers of the women whenever a blast fiercer

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than usual howled past the house and shook the stout door in its fury.

"What makest thou there, Svend Ulfsen?" asked the deep voice of the master. The young man addressed smiled as he replied,—

"'Tis a bridal crown."

Stout Magnus laughed.

"A fine employment," he said, "for a warrior and hunter. Dame Bertha, wilt thou lend me thy distaff? I, too, would try some woman's work. Is the crown for thine own fair brow, pretty Svend?"

The young man laughed merrily in reply and held up the wreath, saying,—

"Own that no maiden's fingers could frame a prettier one."

It was very beautiful, although very simple. He had merely twisted among the scarlet berries and satiny green leaves of the ground arbutus the spotless and beautiful pearls of the mistletoe; and it was far fairer than any product of the goldsmith.

"And now for its purpose," said Svend; "it is for the sweet bride yonder." And, rising, he crossed the hearth and put the wreath gently upon the fair forehead of Brenda. She looked up at him with a calm, pure smile, and the eyes of the mother filled with tears, and even the stout father sighed as he looked at the young girl.

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"And now," said Svend, "with the mistletoe on your forehead, you might defy even Nippen himself, if he ventured to appear."

As he spoke, the latch of the door was raised; the heavy oak leaf flew open; and, in the midst of a whirl of snow, a small, shaggy, white figure seemed to be swept into the room.

"Saint Olave, sain and save us," muttered the startled servants at this apparition; but Svend only laughed, and went to shut the door, which required an exertion of his stout arm to accomplish.

"Why, Afra," he said, "you look like an Arctic bear, were it not for those bright black eyes of yours. Where, in the name of all the storms, did you come from? Did Zernebok fetch you?"

As he spoke, the figure threw back the bear skin hood in which the head was enveloped, and disclosed the face of a girl. She was so small that she looked at first much younger than she really was; but a moment's observation sufficed to show that she was a woman of twenty. The swarth skin, the masses of black hair, the wild black eye, the diminutive form, showed that she was of Lapland race; while her great beauty and Oriental delicacy marked her out as the child of some wealthy chief.

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"Ah, Afra, is it you?" Brenda called out, as she advanced to help off with the heavy fur mufflings.

"Yes, yes," said the girl hurriedly, as she seemed, by her haste, rather to shun the Norse maiden's assistance; "it is I, at home once more. What is that crown upon your forehead, Brenda?"

"It is her bridal crown," said Svend, laughing; "and I will make one for you when your time comes." The eyes of the Lap girl flashed a glance of irrepressible anger, but she said nothing; but quietly advanced to salute old Magnus and his wife.

"Welcome, girl!" said the Norseman, as he gave her his hand. "But how has so frail a creature weathered such a storm?"

"She can ride on the winds, the little witch," said Svend, with the manner of one long accustomed to tease.

But Afra looked quiet and grave as she replied:

"The children of the old gods have nothing to fear from the spirits of the air."

"A fig for the old gods," said Magnus. "You must rid yourself of that nonsense now, Afra, and become a good Christian like Brenda and Svend and the rest of us."

"Brenda and Svend!" muttered the girl, "those two names always together."

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"What say you?" asked Dame Bertha, kindly. "And you great men cease teasing the child. Come here, Afra, to your old place on the stool here beside me. You are just in time. On the day after to-morrow our Brenda is to leave us."

The young Lap grew deathly pale, but recovered as she felt the touch of Brenda's hand, and heard her say:

"You must take my place beside my mother, Afra. Will you not?"

She did not answer, but lifted dame Bertha's hand to her lips, and received a caress in return.

Then said Magnus Thurleson:

"We sit late this stormy night, and are forgetting the good habits of Gammle Norge (Old Norway). And all must be up betimes; for we have much to do for our Brenda, so soon to be ours no longer."

The stout old father's voice shook as he said these last words; and then Brenda went and kneeled down before him. He kissed her forehead, and, laying his hands upon her head, said.

"God and Our Lady Mary's benediction be upon thee, my child. And now for the hymn and the night prayer; and so to rest."

Then the busy wheel and spindle stopped; and

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the men closed their knives or put away their net-needles; and all the work was laid aside, and the litter swept into a corner of the wide hearth; and then all kneeled down before the crucifix and the picture, and Brenda's sweet voice chanted to slow and simple measure the verses of a hymn; and all the other voices joined in the chorus of the response.

Sharp o'er the bleak wold sweeps the bitter wind;
Loud through the shivering pine wood howls the blast;
All the pure sky-rack is distraught with storms.
Jesu exaudi.

Bend the knee lowly; still the troubled mind;
Bring to our worship sorrow for the past;
Hope that supports us; holy love that warms.
Ave Maria!

Grace for the strong man, lest his passions rule;
Grace for the maiden, lest her heart be stained;
Grace for the sinner, lest he die unshriven.
Jesu exaudi!

Be God's dear blessing piteous and full;
Be Mary's wardship o'er our souls maintained;
So shall life be a highway unto Heaven.
Ave Maria!

Then the night prayers were said; and all rose from their knees, making the sign of the cross. Then the spiced sleeping cup was passed round, as

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ancient Norse custom requires; the Good Night was interchanged, and all sought their rest.

The wind continued to blow fiercely long after all in the house had sunk into profound repose, but towards midnight it decreased and died away, until at last, the heavy snow fell perpendicularly through the gray hazy moonlight.

Afra the Lap had followed Brenda, for she had been considered as a sort of half friend, half attendant of the daughter of the house, ever since, eighteen months before, she had first entered the family of Magnus. She had come there as a sort of hostage for her father's good conduct at first, but was soon, for her singular beauty and wild deer-like ways, made a pet of, and then used to go freely to her tribe and return when she pleased. Brenda had given her the affection of a sister, and had taught her all that she was willing to learn: namely, whatever tended to ornament, as embroidery or the dying of furs. She held the spindle in perfect contempt as being work for slave women.

Religious lessons made but slight impression upon her. She would learn prayers and hymns readily enough and go about the house singing them, but she seemed to have little or no feeling of their sentiment. Indeed she had a dread of the "White

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Christ" as she called Our Lord, and could be brought to regard Him only with fear, saying always, that one day He would come and destroy all her people.

She had that pride of the savage which prevents the asking of questions, and was therefore often under misapprehension, and her anger was quick and reckless; but with all, it was impossible for her to be important in any way in the well regulated Norse household. Bertha and Brenda, it is true, really loved her and treated her, the one as a child and the other as a sister; but the dependants feared her, and with Northern superstition asserted that all Laps were wizards and witches, an impression which she herself labored to keep strong in their minds.

As for Magnus and Svend Ulfsen they seemed to regard her as a wild animal; caressing, petting, and, on Svend's side at least, teasing her as they might have done a young hind.

When the two maidens reached their room, they sate for a while beside the large warm stove and Brenda questioned the Lap about her journey. She had been absent on a visit to her tribe.

"But whence came you to-night, and through such a storm?"

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"My father brought me," she said.

"What," said Brenda, "did your father bring you here and go away without entering the house of Magnus Thurlesen?" The red of the girl's fair cheek deepened as she spoke, for this was an insult to Norse hospitality.

Afra hastened to say that he had not been within half a mile of the house.

"Besides," she added, "this is the Odin month and he may not enter the doors of a stranger.

"But you, Afra, how did you come the half mile and alone, on such a night.

"Hist!" said the Lap in a low voice. "The spirits of the storm cannot injure me, I know their spell."

"Oh, Afra," cried the Christian maiden reproachfully. "You promised me to deal no more in those horrible pagan superstitions. Thou must depend upon Christ our crucified Lord, and on Mary, His dear Mother, for protection. Thy gods, as thou dost call them, if they are not demons are but brutal stocks and idols."

"Hush," said the Lap, "they may hear thee, dost thou not fear Zernebok?"

"No, Afra, a pure heart, fortified by the Cross fears nothing from him if he exist indeed. Come,

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I will tell thee again of the Christian's strength, and of Love given over unto Death for us."

The lids drooped heavily over the large eyes of the young pagan, and she yawned slightly.

"Ah, true!" said Brenda gently, "I forgot, poor child, that thou art weary. To-morrow, we will talk about these holy and beautiful things. Say now thy prayer, Afra, as I taught thee."

The Lap girl knelt down by the knees of her friend and repeated half singing, some versified devotions. But her lips only uttered them, for her wild, bright sleepless eyes look round and round the room, unseen by Brenda, whose own gaze was fixed upon a sacred picture over the stove. When the Lap had finished, the Norse maiden kissed her forehead and said,

"Now go to thy rest and sleep well, little sister."

Little further preparation made Afra. Dragging from a closet a pile of soft dressed skins and furs, she arranged them on the floor near the bed of Brenda, and then seemed suddenly to disappear in the midst of them, rather than to go to bed. In three or four minutes her low deep regular breathing satisfied Brenda that she slept.

Then her own prayers were said, the lamp, never put out at night in Norway, was carefully veiled,

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and in a few moments a sweet and peaceful repose sealed her innocent eyes.

The snow still fell without, but in profoundest silence, and the night waned on towards the morn. Then Afra heard the bark of the Arctic fox. Her great eyes flashed in the dimly lighted room as her fixed gazed and parted lips bespoke attention. Again the bark was heard fainter and apparently farther off, and then all was still.

Then Afra rose, and with noiseless step approached the bed and looked earnestly upon Brenda's face. The innocent girl was in a profound sleep; her long lashes rested motionless upon her cheek; her breathing was the full soft breathing of deepest slumber. On this picture the Lap girl gazed with distorted face and eyes full of hate. Then, moving silently as a beast of prey, she rolled together the furs in which she had lain, opened the door, passed through and closed it after her.

In two or three minutes more she stood at the doorway of the house looking out over the snowy deserts. Then three shadowy figures appeared from different directions, and as she raised her hands moved swiftly and stealthily towards her. She turned into the house, and they followed her; stealthily across the great room, stealthily up the

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stairs, and into Brenda's room, until the four stood silent as death beside the sleeping girl.

A motion from Afra and a pair of small dark sinewy hands were raised; another sign, and they closed upon Brenda's pure white throat.

She awoke in horror, but the cry was stifled on her lips. In a moment she was gagged; rolled up and securely swathed in the covering of the bed itself, and then lifted up by strong arms and borne away noiselessly, stealthily out into the bleak night.

Merrily singing an old Norse stave, Svend Ulfson descended to the common room, and merrily he greeted Magnus as he entered. And soon the whole family were gathered, all standing and as if waiting for something. After a moment or two of silence Magnus said:

"Where then is my Northern Rose this morning? Brenda is no lie-a-bed. Run up, Ulla Troll, and see what keeps the young mistress."

"I will go myself," said Dame Bertha; "the children may want something."

The mother went up stairs, and all was silent again. Minute after minute passed, and at length Magnus waxed impatient.

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"Are we to have no prayer this morning?" he said. "Up, Ulla, and see what keeps the old dame now." The girl ran up stairs, and in a moment the whole house resounded with her shrieks.

Magnus and Svend bounded like lions, and followed by the whole household, sprang towards Brenda's chamber.

There they saw the mother apparently paralyzed; she had sunk upon her knees; her hands were clasped, her face was white as ashes, her dilated and terrified eyes were fixed upon the bed. The couch itself was much disturbed and stripped of all its covering.

For a moment the tall Norseman was stunned. Then as he returned to his senses he saw, lying near the foot of the bed, a fur cape such as all used for outer covering, but too dirty for any save a Lap to wear. He walked to it and turned it over with his foot. It was branded in the inside with a rude representation of a hammer.

"It is the thunder-hammer of Thor, the badge of Lafflan's tribe," said Svend Ulfsen.

"If ——," said Magnus, and his voice broke as he covered his face with his hands for a moment, and then resumed in a voice so low and terribly earnest that the bystanders shuddered. "If he

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have done this deed, by God, Mary and Olaf, I will make the snow round his villages crimson!"

The voice of her husband recalled dame Bertha to consciousness. She rose, and tottering to him sank upon his broad breast.

"Why do you stand gaping here?" asked the Norseman, sternly, "away! and arm you to the teeth. Thou Haco, quick to Trondheim, rouse the Jarl Olaf's power; get what deer and sledges you can speedily and overtake me at the head of the gulf. Ye maidens, look to your mistress."

He gave his wife into the arms of her women and descended to arm himself; then bound on his snow shoes and set out at a rapid pace, followed by Svend and the other young men.

"It will be a black day for the robbers when they meet Svend Ulfsen," said a boy to an old servitor. "Did you see how he stormed with anger?"

"Aye, he was hot enough," said the ancient, "but the low quiet voice and the bloodshot eyes of our lord showed that the dreadful Berserk rage was on him. Svend's fathers have long held the faith of Christ; but Magnus is the first born Christian of his race. Fear the quiet strong man ever, my lad, more than the fierce one.

"The young man's wrath is like straw on fire,
But like red hot steel is the old man's ire!"

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Brenda, bred in the hardy Norse fashion, and full of inherited as of innate courage, had not fainted. She was dizzied and uncertain in her thoughts, but she knew that calmness would come by prayer, and so she gave herself up into the hands of the Mother Most Pure, unto whom she had been self-dedicated from early childhood. Into her protection she commended herself, soul and body, and by-and-bye confidence and quiet came back to her heart.

"That purest Mother will guard me," she thought, "and by her prayers God will set me free, in His own good way. His will, not mine, be done in this and in all things."

Meanwhile she was placed by the person who had brought her down stairs, in the arms of another, who set off with her at a rapid rate. She knew by the long smooth stride that he had snow-shoes on. In a few moments her bearer paused, a hurried whispering conversation ensued, and then she was placed amid a mass of furs; some one arranged himself behind her; the cry uttered by the Laps to their reindeer was given in a low voice, and she knew that she was in a sledge and gliding swiftly over the trackless wastes of snow.

A few moments after, she felt the thick veil in which her head had been wrapped, unfolded; the

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gag was removed and the veil replaced. "So then," she thought, "I am too far from home for my voice to be feared. So much the more perfectly then must I depend upon divine assistance."

The positive hopelessness of human help gave her a more complete disposition to resignation; and from earnest and long prayer, lulled by the swift, steadfast motion and by the warmth of the furs, she sank gradually into a dreamless sleep.

Then on, northward through the winter midnight swept the sledges, for there were three, drawn each by four powerful reindeer, on over valley and plain, skirting the bases of white ghastly hills on the bleak shadowy edge of dusk pine woods. On swiftly northward until the moon faded and the pallid grey dawn appeared in heaven. Then the stopping of the sleigh awakened Brenda, and she could hear the Laps talking and laughing loudly and freely. She could even perceive the strong alcoholic odor of the Arki, a fiery liquor which they distill from the berries of the cedar, juniper, arbutus and other northern plants.

Then when fresh reindeer had been yoked to the sledge, they dashed forward again, and continued on their course till long past noon of the short northern day. Then a shout from the driver,

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answered by cries from many voices, informed the captive that they were entering a village. Finally they stopped altogether, and Brenda was lifted out amid screams of derision and anger from voices of women and children, and borne into what she presumed, by the almost stifling atmosphere, to be a Lap hut. Here the thongs that bound her manifold wrappings were cut, the footsteps of her bearer departed and she knew that she was alone.

A few moments served to disengage her from the skins in which she was wrapped, then she untwisted the veil from her head and face and saw that she was in a rather large apartment and alone. As her eyes grew accustomed to the dim fire light, she recognized, lying upon a rude bench beside her, two or three of her own robes and a mantle lined with sable fur, the gift of her fond father on the last festival of Our Lord's Nativity. Quickly clothing herself, she knelt down, again made an act of resignation to the will of God, prayed again for His help and protection, and then rose and looked around her.

The room or den, for it deserved that name, was nearly square and hung with reindeer hides. As she could tell by striking against the hides, the walls were of huge, rough blocks of stone, and from the

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lack of air, were covered up with earth. There seemed to be no other orifice than the chink in the rocky roof, through which the smoke found an issue, and the door. She lifted aside the skin which hung over the latter, but was met by two glittering lance heads in the hands of a couple of Laps who grinned savagely at her.

Turning away, she saw in the back part of the den, a huge square mass of stone upon the top of which grinned a squat, distorted idol. The head was rudely fashioned into some semblance of features, and the huge, ugly mouth was filled with bear's teeth and was stained and foul. At the feet of this was a clotted mass of hair and small bits of bone, and at the base of the block was a trench as if to receive the blood (she shuddered as she fancied this) which flowed from above.

Here then she was, alone with this hideous monster, a prisoner with no hope save in Heaven.

She heard a rustle behind her, and turned to see Afra.

"Oh, Afra!" she cried, as she sprang towards her, "what is this? Is it a horrible dream?"

But the Lap girl motioned her off, and stood gazing at her with eyes full of hate and demoniac scorn.

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"A dream," she said, "yes, a dream, which by the help of Zernebok I wove for you. A dream from which your waking shall be terrible."

"O Afra! if you love me! ——."

But the Lap interrupted her fiercely, and her slight frame quivered with passion as she spoke.

"Love you! I *hate* you! with a hatred that your thin white blood cannot even imagine. It was I who stole you from your soft, well-guarded nest. And would you know for what? Listen. You remember the Lap chief, who last summer laid his hands upon your dainty person, and was lashed by your servants with dog-whips out of the place. It was Karnak, chief and priest of Zernebok; Karnak who offers the captives to Zernebok on that altar there. He swore vengeance upon you and upon your people through you, and I—I helped him to gain it."——

As she paused from the very vehemence of her passion, poor Brenda gasped,

"Oh, my God! am I to die so horrible a death."

"Die," screamed the frantic Lap; "hope not for death. Death were no vengeance. No. This was your bridal day; well, you shall have a bridegroom, Karnak! This is his sweet revenge; you shall be his creature, his slave, his toy, until he tires of you,

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and drives you from his lodge to be the menial of the basest Lap in the land. Scream now to your White Christ and to His Mother and see if they will help you."

Brenda stood stupified before this frenzied rage, and Afra disappeared with the words,

"I go to call your bridegroom!"

Slowly the unfortunate girl sank down upon her knees. "And I feared not even death!" she moaned, "and now these dreadful threats—to me the sworn spouse of Christ!—Mother most pure," she cried, clasping her hands in agony, "Mother most chaste, Mother undefiled, save me! save me from this horror." Then she poured forth her whole soul in the terrible prayer of anguish.

And as she prayed, there seemed to break forth from the wall before her, a soft pale azure light and the faint semblance of a sweet face, like that in her own chamber at home. It may have been mere imagination, for it faded away, as she felt a hand laid upon her shoulder, and turning, saw the pagan priest. She sprang up to avoid him, but he caught her in his arms. By his foul breathing she knew that he was maddened with *Arki*, and she saw the fires of hell burning in his eyes.

"Mother inviolate, save me!" she shrieked, and

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strove to thrust him from her. Her fingers closed upon the handle of a knife in his breast, and without knowing what she did she drew it forth. As the steel flashed before the eyes of the drunken savage, the course of his passion changed. He seized her arm, wrenched the knife from her grasp, and drove it into her bosom. The red blood spouted forth, and she fell to the ground.

Mary most pure had saved her.

At the same instant the whole village rang with fierce war-cries and shrieks of women, and the blood-stained savage darted forth from the cavern with the streaming knife in his hand.

Then Afra entered.

"Ah," she said, "he has killed you. He has robbed me of half my revenge!"

"Afra," said the dying girl, as she feebly pressed her robe against the bleeding wound, "Afra, I forgive you. But how could you do this, and to me who loved you so!"

"How could I do it. Because I hated you, and because I loved Svend Ulfsen. I loved him with the fiery love of the dark-browed Lap; and your pale face witched him from me. And he mocked me and played with me as with a pet dog. This is your bridal day, and here is your wreath. Will you wear it?"

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As she spoke she held up the wreath of misletoe and arbute which Svend had made. Then she tore it fiercely into pieces, and threw them at the prostrate Brenda; and said,

"Here, take it, wear it. His face will your eyes never see again. How like you your bridal feast?" She paused, and the fierce rage began to abate in her heart, when she saw the look of utter wonderment in Brenda's pure and beautiful eyes. The poor pagan bent her dark face down to hear the feeble voice say,

"Yes; it was my bridal day, but not with Svend."

"What do you say," gasped Afra, "was not Svend your bridegroom."

"My bridegroom," said Brenda, "is my Lord and my Redeemer. He *died* for love of me."

"But I have heard him and them, all of them, speak of you as a bride; did he not place the bridal crown upon your head? did I not see it there?" said Afra uttering question upon question in a half crazy manner.

Brenda summoned all her strength for a last effort. "Raise my head, Afra!" she said, "that I may speak to you." Afra, now trembling and awed, obeyed and seating herself, supported the head of the expiring Norse girl on her bosom.

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"I see it now; I understand it all now. He often called me bride, and spoke of my nuptials. I can see too now that he did and said much to tease you Afra; but I did not notice then. I never thought of human love, except my father's and my mother's. From childhood I was the vowed bride of Christ. Do you not remember how I told you of the holy women at Trondheim, the Spouses only of Christ? To-day I was to set out for their convent to begin my year of preparation. But the marriage is nearer now; The Bridegroom is at hand. Would I were more worthy to meet Him."

Her passion all gone, the reaction come, all jealousy, hatred and anger dispersed to the winds, with a chill like that of death at her heart, Afra sate trembling and supporting the dying girl.

"But for that," she murmured, "I loved you Brenda, better than my own life. And I have done this."

Brenda made a last effort.

"Do not mourn for it now, little sister; I forgive you from my heart of hearts. My Bridegroom died of love for them that slew Him! Afra go thou to Trondheim and be a Christian, wilt thou promise?"

"If I live," answered a broken voice.

"See how the light grows, azure and rayed with

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gold," murmured Brenda. "The pain is gone, my Redeemer and my Spouse, Thou art come!"

And the pale azure light kindled and spread, till the glory of its ineffable beauty filled the room. The vile idol shivered and fell broken from its altar. The heart of the blue splendor grew deeper; then unfolded within it a glow of tender, starry gold, and Mary, the inviolate Mother, smiled from the midst of the radiance, and stretching out her arms of maternal love, received into her bosom the white, pure soul of Brenda.

And Afra sate there silent, holding the pale clay.

There the stern Norsemen found her, when they entered the cavern. But by that time her blood had ceased to flow in the veins of any living creature, Karnak had met them, defied them with his crimsoned knife, and told them whose blood had dyed it. And Magnus Thurlesen spared nothing that he found alive. He fulfilled his terrible oath.

They asked no questions of Afra. Seeing her with Brenda's pale dead face upon her bosom, they never suspected her guilt; and so they took her with the beloved body home. And when the nuns of Trondheim begged that Brenda might be buried in

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the cloister of their convent, she followed thither and remained there. She was instructed and baptized, and dwelt there for nearly two years, performing the most menial offices through voluntary humility, until at last one morning when they missed her from the Mass, they found her lying dead in the cloisters with her cold emaciated cheek upon the stone that covered the tomb of Brenda.

Svend Ulfsen, took service with the Greek Emperor, and died in Joppa on his return from the tomb of Christ. Ave Maria purissima!

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THE BEACON.

Sullen and ceaseless through the haze
Sifts the fine ceaseless rain ; the blaze
Of stars looks through the damps,
Dim as funereal lamps.

Dull, moveless or by wind or rain
Stretches the solitary main,
And o'er it all the still
Grey mist lies dank and chill.

Then from the promontory's peak
Bursts forth the beacon's golden streak,
And streams across the sand
And gladdens sea and land.

The fog lifts up and drifts away,
The deep awakes and flings its spray
In atoms sparkling white,
Amidst the crimson light.

Dark was the world of Pagan gloom,
And Zion in her rayless tomb,
Cold, formal, hardened clay,
Silent and soul-less lay.

The lamp of Love forgot to burn,

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Hope knew not towards what star to turn,
Faith's bark, as in distress,
Went drifting rudderless.

Then, from that stagnant, mirk repose,
The glorious Tower of Ivory rose,
And from its stainless height,
Streamed forth the Light of Light.

Hope saw her star and grew to Faith,
And Life and Love sprang forth from Death,
Man by his Maker trod,
And mortal eyes saw God.

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ADVENT.

Esaias xlv.

When the last advent of our King
The face of earth shall bless,
Verdure and scented flowers shall spring
Within the wilderness.

The mountain top shall hide awhile
The coldness of its snows;
The solitary place shall smile
And blossom as the rose.

Music and joy shall flood each sense
As from a goblet poured;
Carmel's and Sharon's excellence,
And all Thy glory, Lord!

O, fainting ones of earth, be strong!
O feeble hearts be brave!
Your Lord will visit you ere long,
Even God will come to save.

Then shall the blind regain their sight,

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Once more the deaf shall hear;
The lame be healed and, with delight,
Leap like the mountain deer.

The dumb shall speak; o'er listening lands
Their songs of praise shall haste;
Springs shall burst forth from desert sands
And fountains in the waste.

Till o'er the parched and arid earth
The pure sweet water laves,
And floods of endless, holy mirth
Shall thrill its bounding waves.

No ravening beast shall haunt that place,
Nor lion make his lair,
But God's own Way of Holiness,
For Israel shall be there.

There shall the blest redeemed abound,
And songs their tongues employ,
And every ransomed head be crowned
With everlasting joy;

With joy and song; nor fraud nor wile
Shall touch that sacred shore,
Nor sin nor sorrow, pain nor guile
For ever, evermore!

O Mary, Cause of all the Joy
That seeks our fallen race,
Thy sacred power with God employ,
And fill our souls with grace.

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That, when the summons of that day
From angel-trumps shall ring,
We may be found in right array,
Prepared to meet our King!

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CHILDERIC THE FRANK.

EVERYBODY knows how Clovis, the wild Frank king swept his enemies before him in twenty stricken fields. Everybody knows also that Clovis was a mortal, and therefore not always successful; besides being a tough pagan, who for years had resisted the arguments and entreaties of his good Queen to burn his idols and to serve the true God.

Well, by and bye, he lost belief in the idols, without however becoming a Christian, and then he had nothing to believe in but his own prowess and the valor of his troops. These did not always win the day; for at Tolbiac or Zulpich in the Electorate of Cologne, the Germans routed him with great slaughter. And this was the best fortune that ever happened to Clovis, for it broke his pride and haughty self-reliance. He saw his tried and bravest soldiery flying, and that his arm and voice were useless to recall them.

Then he thought of his good wife, Saint Clothilda, whom perhaps he should see no more;

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and all the instruction she had given him, and her gentle patience and life of charity and prayer rose up before him through the blood-mists, through the dim dust clouds of the turbulent retreat. Then lifting up his voice to the God of the Christians he recognized His power, renounced the false deities he had worshipped, and vowed from that time forward to serve the living and true God and Him alone.

Then back he dashed into the battle-field with new confidence and courage, and the foe were swept from the field. Returned to Rheims he harrangued his army, and pointed out to them that the glorious field of Tolbiac had been won by help from a Power superior to man's, and they, or the most of them, shouted, "Away with false, perishable deities; we will serve the Immortal alone!" And on Christmas Day, A.D. 496, they and he were baptized by Saint Remy. And when Clovis came forth from the Cathedral, he stood there, the only Catholic king at that moment in the world.

Now, among the great chiefs of Clovis there were none stronger in person, fiercer in battle, more eager in thirst for glory than Childeric, son of Ruaric the Frank. He too had been baptized on the feast of Our Lord's Nativity, but rather because he had a habit of following his king wheresoever he went, than from any very deep conviction or knowledge of the

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nature of that holy Sacrament. But a christened man he was now, and when King Clovis was distributing rewards to the most distinguished of his followers, he gave to Childeric to wife, a fair young Christian lady in attendance on the Queen, and she brought as her dowry to the stout warrior the domain and Castle of Criel on the sea.

Brave enough was Childeric, but rough as an ocean storm; but he was loyally devoted to Clovis, and to that one good quality Brenhilda trusted for softening his nature and completing his conversion. Besides, all his followers still remained pagans, and she hoped with the help of Our Lady, *Refugium Peccatorum*, to win their souls over to Christ. And so hopeful and devout she set out with her lord and his wild retinue, and took up her abode in Criel, which frowned from the top of a high rock over the broad Channel upon the southern coasts of Britain.

Here Childeric busied himself in fortifying his stronghold and in building up a village which clustered at the foot of the Castle rock. This soon became peopled, and as the soldiers had much leisure time, they employed it in fishing, so that they grew as expert in the management of boats as they had ever been with their war horses, and the sea with its perpetual changes grew familiar to them as the land.

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Nor did this effeminate these warriors, for in those times the wild Norse vikings or sea-kings were constantly cruising about the Northern seas, and he among the richer Frank fisherman who would keep his boat and crew for his own uses, had often to fight stoutly for it.

Sometimes indeed the tall children of Thor and Woden would make a descent upon the coast and attack the village, and then Childeric at the head of his men would swoop down from his rock, and the joy of battle would rise again in his heart as he exchanged stout blows with the invaders. By and bye the Crag of Criel grew so well known as a place where dry blows were more plentiful than booty, that the rovers ceased to land there, and the sword of Childeric got no other polishing than such as the armorers mitten could give it.

It had been the first care of the lady Brenhilda to set apart a portion of her tower for a chapel, and on this she lavished all her care and taste. It was a lofty vaulted room, with an outlook over the sea, and was dedicated to our Lady Maria Rosa Mystica. In a niche over the little altar stood an image of the "Blessed among Women," holding her God and Child upon her pure bosom, and offering Him the homage of a white rose. There she seemed to

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stand, serene and merciful, looking out through the tall, narrow casement upon the tossing ocean.

Here Brenhilda, when her housewife duties were over, or when her lord was absent, loved to kneel and pray, or to sit at the window and look out upon the boats. More than one fierce conflict had she watched from this height, mingling her vigil with prayer, and feeling secure in the protection of her sacred Patroness.

Only once had she prevailed upon the rough Frank chieftain to visit her oratory, and then he had only laughed at her for her simple love and faith.

"Better," he said, "that she should learn to chant war songs to inspirit his liegemen, than to be singing her southern lays to her Teuta, or talking fairy tales with the shaveling Anselm." "Not but that Father Anselm is a good leech," he added, "and well skilled at healing a sword thrust; but a wild fight-chant over a flagon of red wine with my riders is worth all your piping hymns, dame of mine."

Now when three or four years had passed by and there came no child to inherit his name or to bind him more fondly to Brenhilda, Childeric began to grow morose in his humor. He spent more and more time in the hall draining the hot red wines of the

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South, and grew first cold, and then rude and peevish toward his wife. By and bye he seemed positively to hate her, such trouble did he take to annoy and thwart her.

He mocked constantly at her devotion, turned Father Anselm out of doors, and threatened to hunt him with hounds if he ever came back, and finally talked about taking his carouses in her oratory and compelling her to join them. He ridiculed all that he knew about Christianity, and began to keep the old pagan feasts in the way most agreeable to himself—namely, drinking a little deeper than ordinary.

Well, when matters were at their worst, he received a summons to join the king in an expedition against the Germans on the border. He went forth gladly to battle, leaving but a slight guard for his castle. Brenhilda saw him go with pleasure; she had hoped that military employment and the society of the Christian king, would at least restore him to his former rough kindness, if it did not even do more for him.

But it was fated to be far otherwise, for when Childeric joined the Royal troops he was embittered by finding himself and his men the only pagans there. Worse than that, he was considered an apostate, for he had been baptized. So he grew

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more surly day by day, and at the first reverse which the army of Clovis met with, he dared to upbraid the king with his Christianity.

"Had'st thou been true," he said "to the gods of thy fathers, they would have fought for thee as of old."

In vain Clovis asked why they had not done so at Zulpich, and equally in vain were his endeavors to reason with or instruct the wild chief. He grew worse and worse, and after a day or two's sulking, led his men upon parade, wearing the misletoe fillets and the oak leaves of the heathen worship. Angry at this insult, Clovis sent him word that he had no further need of his services, and Childeric turned away in fury from the Christian camp and hurried back to Griel by the Sea.

It was noonday when he reached the towers, and the mid-day meal was the first thing to claim his attention. After that came the carouse, and as he drained flagon after flagon of red wine, and brooded over his disgrace, his soul grew darker and darker within him. Such of his rude officers as dared to speak to him inflamed his wrath by their evil counsels, and at last he sprang to his feet, and vowed by his idols and his sword that he would rid his house of the Christian trash within it.

Brenhilda heard the ring of his iron heel upon the

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pavement of the hall as she sate in her oratory and grew pale, for she had learned to tremble now at the sound of his voice or step. Nearer and nearer drew the step, and then the door was burst open by a blow, and flushed and savage he frowned upon her. She would have approached him, but he bade her keep off; and then with fierce tone and gesture he told her of his disgrace, and of his purpose to restore the worship of his ancient gods. Her very silence and trembling seemed to make him angrier.

Every moment he grew more furious, and at last shouting "Away with this Christian stuff!" he spurned the little Altar with his mailed foot, and it fell with its furniture crashing to the ground. Then with his drawn sword he smote the image of Our Lady upon the crowned forehead and dashed it to the floor.

Brenhilda saw, gave a shriek of horror and fled. Out through the long halls, through the startled soldiery, through the gate, down the steep rock path to the shore of the sea. As she turned the angle of a rock, she found herself suddenly in a knot of tall, wild-looking men, strangely armed, dark haired and bearded. The start gave her a quick revulsion of feeling, the strong excitement which had strengthened her gave way, and she fell senseless to the ground.

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The strange mariners lifted her with gentleness, placed her in their boat which lay bows on upon the beach, and entering it themselves, rowed away out to sea.

* * * *

From the window of the Oratory the savage Childeric had watched the descent of the lady Brenhilda down the steep cliff road, and had seen her disappear round the rock upon the sands. Some minutes afterwards he saw a boat rowed out from shore, although it was too far below him to discover what or who was in it. Out at sea he saw the glancing of a white sail, and could see that the boat was heading in that direction. There he stood for a long time until the object of his watch lessened to a mere speck upon the broad blue waters.

Then a strange eerie feeling seized upon him. He would not confess it to be fear even to himself, but it was something very like it. A chill crept over him, and then an irrepressible shudder made him quiver. He felt a strange desire to look again upon the image he had smitten. He turned from the window for that purpose. There lay the ruins of the little altar, its crushed vases and broken candles mingled confusedly with the scattered flowers; but the statue was gone. He looked for

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it in vain, and again the chill and shudder passed through him as he left the desecrated room.

Once back in the great hall, he despatched two of his men to look for their lady, and then threw himself moodily into the great oak chair which stood at the head of the vast table. There he sate in sullen silence until the men returned, and said that their search had been in vain, and that some of the fishermen had seen a boat of Norse pirates leaving the shore, in which was a woman either fainting or dead. He bade them leave him, and sate still there until the shadows crept darkly into the hall as the sun went down. Then entering as it were with the dusk, the image of Our Lady came and stood before him. A deep wound was on the broad, low forehead; the rose was broken from the hand, and the sweet eyes, full of reproach, were fixed upon him. Still, sad and fixed, as is the look of an image, those eyes confronted his.

He hid his face in his hands, but the knowledge of the Presence compelled him to look up and meet the set mournful gaze. He sprang from his chair towards it, but as he gained his feet it was gone. Nothing was visible in the hall but the shadows that lengthened and darkened as the twilight deepened into night. He shouted then for torches and wine. They were brought; the table was spread, and the

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ordinary revel commenced and was prolonged into the night. At length worn out but fevered he sought his bed, and as he closed his eyes the image stood before him; in vain he covered his face and wrapped his head in the close drapery, the sad eyes found his own through all.

If he awoke and started up he saw nothing, but with sleep the vision returned. Then he knew what it was to be haunted forever by Reproach for evil done.

For some time it was only during inaction that the vision attended the wild Childeric, and he began to think at last that a more stirring life would drive it away altogether. So he formed a grand hunting party, and prepared to make that his chief occupation. At that time France was covered with forest, and the wolf, the wildboar and the stag abounded there. So there was plenty of game for the spear of the rude Frank. So with his men he set out for the appointed place, and with shout and sound of horn the game was soon aroused, and swift through the odorous forest dashed the wild troop. While busy thus, he forgot all the past and was conscious only of feeling the hunter's joyous excitement. But when the stag was run down and lay bleeding and dying before him it turned its large brown eyes to his, and with that look rose up the image with the

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scar upon the forehead, and the dolorous gaze of Mary whom he had outraged chilled him again.

For in this look there was none of that tenderness and sweet pity which we love to find in our dear Mother's pure eyes; but only a stony changeless reproach unendurably fixed. He remained in the forest for eight or ten days, but the result of every chase was the same. His appetite forsook him, and though he drank deeply it gave him no relief.

"By the gods," he said at last, "this warfare on the brutes is useless, I must try the clash of armor for a medicine and let a little blood flow. Perhaps it may cool this fever."

War was easily obtainable in those days, for the frontiers of the new kingdom of Clovis were perpetually harrassed by the German tribes, and thither accordingly Childeric led his retinue. But in the battle as in the chase the result was ever the same. Every blow he struck brought up the Image before him. He could drive it away while attending to the affairs of the camp or while busied only in commanding in the fray, but as certainly as he himself engaged, and his huge sword rose and fell, so certainly were the reproachful eyes fixed upon his own.

One day when fortune declared against the Franks

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and they broke and retired before the fierce onset of the Germans, the tide was changed by the arrival of a Christian cohort from the troops of Clovis. Again they formed and advanced, the new comers leading the van, and again the charge of the Germans broke their ranks, and threw them into disorder. As they wavered, their banner was lost and carried far into the midst of the foe.

Childeric was as brave as he was savage, and grew wild at sight of this. He dashed among the retreating Franks, reanimated them by shout and prayer or even sword-blow. He instilled into them at last his own burning battle-thirst, and filled with fury and with shame, they dashed forward to the recovery of their banner. Childeric hewed his way through the thickest of the press and so stimulated the others by his energetic courage that they broke through the German resistance and regained the day. Just at that moment a breeze caught the folds of the banner, around which was the hottest struggle, and spread them out clearly. There upon the silken field was painted the same figure of Maria Rosa Mystica; from the silken field looked those fixed reproachful eyes.

As Childeric dropped his sword-point at the sight, the mace of a huge Teuton warrior descended upon his helmet and hurled him senseless to the ground.

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He awoke to a dim sense of great pain. His head was dizzy and his whole body stiff with wounds and cold. He seemed to recognize that some one was examining his condition, and touching him with gentle hands; then he was lifted upon a sort of litter and carried away: but his sensations were like those in a dream, and he swooned entirely from loss of blood before his bearers reached their destination. On his recovery, he found himself stretched upon a soft couch of moss and sweet scented herbs, in a sort of grotto or open cell. He could see a sort of rude altar and a crucifix, and when he moaned it was a Christian religious as he knew by the cowl and beads who brought him drink, and finding him strong enough examined and redressed his wounds.

Several days passed before he was out of danger of death, but that crisis once passed, his nurse who had hitherto required and kept strict silence permitted him to talk.

"Where am I," asked the Chief, "and who art thou who dealest so tenderly with me? I owe my life to thee doubtless."

"You are in a consecrated cell," was the answer, "and with one who is bound to treat you tenderly, your old friend and servant Anselm."

The blood rushed to the warrior's face with shame at receiving such tender care from one whom he

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had so rudely dealt with; but the kindness of the good monk soon relieved him. Long was the illness of Childeric, for his wounds were many and severe, but long as it was, he rose from it full of thankfulness; for God had made use of it to save his soul.

At first he listened to Father Anselm patiently, only because he was bound in gratitude not to offend him; but soon respect grew upon him for the sublime doctrines themselves, and, then, as the beautiful legends of the Gospel were related and explained to him, love filled his heart with warmth and light from Heaven. And then came faith. Hope lingered last of all; for bitter remorseful penitence kept her long from his soul. But at last his penitence grew hopeful, and he issued from the cell of Father Anselm another being. His armor and huge sword were suspended from the rock walls of the grotto, and clad in a long, grey robe and with a staff in his hand, he set out on foot for Criel by the Sea.

Pausing at Rheims he gladdened the hearts of Saint Remy, Clovis and Saint Clothilde by his conversion, and then continued his journey.

He reached his castle, and went first to Brenhilda's oratory. There lay the ruins of the little altar as before, but discolored now with dust and covered with

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the webs of many a busy spider. As he knelt down to pray, he recalled his gentle wife; how it was in this spot she used to pray for him; how patiently she endured his fierce moodiness; and how she had no friends on this wild sea-side crag save God and Mary, of whom he would have robbed her had he been able. He would have given worlds for the gift of tears, but his eyes were parched and hot: "never," he thought as he beat his breast, "never shall those sweet dews fall for me."

He rose and walked to the window and stood there as he had stood a year ago looking out along the crag, and down the winding path and over the cold blue sea. He starts. Then rubs his fevered eyes and looks intently toward the beach. The Image of Our Lady is there; the Presence which has left him since he fell upon the field has returned; he can see the eyes as plainly as if he were close beside them. They are not so fixed, not so reproachful and statue like; they are kind, and have a soft living and even loving light in them. They seem to beckon and draw him.

"I come," he says, "Oh, my Queen and Lady! Anywhere, so that I may win thy pardon and thy Son's."

Alone, and without speaking to any one in the Castle, he passed out through the postern gate,

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along the cliff, down the steep path, and on the yellow beach. He saw her eyes again, and they grew, he thought, still gentler as the Image floated away seawards over the surface of the waters. A small boat lay upon the sands. He pushed it off, loosed the sail, and swept out from the shore in the track of the sacred Image.

The sun went down in the far-off West, and the dews fell heavily, and the stars filled the purple heavens with mellow light. And they too faded, and the grey and crimson dawn succeeded, and the sun arose and set again, and the dews and the stars in their silent course. And on the third night, he was faint and weary, and knew only that he was alone in his little boat upon the wide sea. He fastened the lug of his sail to the tiller of the helm, crossed himself, and having prayed fervently sank down exhausted into deep sleep.

When he awoke, he was no longer in the frail skiff, but on the deck of a stout caravel. Around him moved tall, bearded men, some in armor. Huge swords and spears and battle-axes were ranged around the masts and along portions of the bulwark of the vessel. The speech in which they addressed each other was unknown to him, but he saw enough to guess that he was on board the ship of a viking or Norse sea-rover. Then he knew that his penance

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was begun in earnest. He was soon aroused from his thoughts, and a place given him, with a sign and blow, among the slaves, whom he knew to be such by their short hair and shaved faces.

That blow was the first that Childeric had ever received out of battle, and the boiling blood rushed to his head. But as he gathered himself to spring at the throat of the Norseman, he saw the eyes of the Mystical Rose beaming upon his, and the mark upon her forehead was red. He bowed his erected head in deepest humility, signed the pride from his heart with the sign of the meek Crucified, and received the insult as coming from his Father's loving and beloved hand.

He had abundant opportunity for practising his newly learned virtues, for the cruise of the Northmen was long and often interrupted. They sailed down the Western coast of France and Portugal, passed the pillared strait of Hercules and so up the Mediterranean. Many a village on the coast they visited and sometimes pillaged, and when the booty was brought on board, and the wine and mead of rejoicing mounted to the brain of the pirates, Childeric and his fellows were visited by many a blow and spoken insult. He had learned enough of their own language to understand how keen was their scorn and contempt. But he bore all patiently,

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uniting his sorrows with those of his Redeemer, and offering all to the Eternal Father.

But still the dry fever burned in his eye, when, with all the tenderness he could feel, he retraced the sufferings of our Lord; when with broken heart he offered the indignities he endured penitentially unto Him; when he recalled his Brenhilda and how meekly she had borne with him, and his own cruelties to her, he would pray that he might weep. But the solace of tears was denied him; the eyes that had looked fiercely or coldly upon the wounded forehead of Our Lady's image were now dry and burning. He saw his poor comrades weep as they recalled their youth and homes, and envied them their tears. But this also he took as his deserved punishment.

Meanwhile the ship sailed on, past the warm shores of Spain and vine-clad Gaul, past ancient Sicily and Italy and Greece, and now she was holding her course Southwards across the sea. They neared the Egyptian coast at last, and anchoring off the land sent some of their officers on shore. Then it was made known what was the destined terminus of their voyage. The slaves, except such as were absolutely necessary were to be sold here, and then the Norsemen were to make their way to Byzantium, and offer their battle-axes to the great Emperor.

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Among those who were sent on shore was Childeric. He was sold, and with a party of unfortunates like himself was taken by a long and painful march to Alexandria; and there amid a new people, understanding and understood by none, the once haughty *Comes* of King Clovis became a thrall.

A year passed by in the most laborious and humblest labor, all gently and patiently endured. Sometimes his virtue seemed about to fail; he was young yet, and the wild Frank blood was hot in him; he was a soldier too, and it required no small effort to take insult with meekness, but when his strength seemed about to forsake him, the Image of the Rosa Mystica appeared to him and gave him new courage and resolution. The old cold, reproachful look had passed away from the beautiful pure eyes. At every visit they grew sweeter and more lovingly pardoning in their expression, and their wondrous tenderness so touched his heart at times that he thought it would break with sorrow for its past offences, and still more he wished for the grace of tears, but that, in God's loving wisdom, was yet denied him.

But the end of his penance was approaching. As he had learned Norse on the sea, so here in his slavery he had acquired Greek, and he had made a

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friend of an old slave, who like himself had a great devotion to our dear Lady, and whom he used to meet in the churches and at the shrines. One day something led the conversation to Childeric's conversion, many circumstances of which he related to his friend, and he spoke of his fair land of Gaul, which he could never hope to see again.

Then the old man told him that he too had been a pagan until recently, and that being stricken with fever he was nursed by a female slave, who also was a Gaul. He told how she too had been brought by a pirate ship, and spoke of her great beauty marred though it were by greater suffering; but above all, he praised her gentleness, and the courageous fidelity with which she had nursed him, and the tender zeal with which she had led him to the faith of Christ. At last, for some notable service, she had been set free, and had joined a band of pilgrims for the Holy Land, where our Redeemer died, and had set out with them not long before Childeric's arrival. Night and day, the old man said, did he pray to the Panagia for Brenhilda, who, he added, had been a great lady in her own land.

Ah, how those fevered tearless eyelids burned as the Frank chief covered them with his hands! How he wondered that he could not weep to hear of that sweet wife, so loved, so honored here, whom

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he had driven into this cruel bondage and toil and lonely sorrow. "Oh stainless Virgin, Mother of God!" he moaned, "why can I not weep!"

From this time he had but one thought, how to follow the footsteps of Brenhilda into Palestine. So he prayed unto Our Lord as to One who had also been an exile in Egypt, and he was mercifully heard. There was an annual redemption of captives in Alexandria then, and he by his master's recommendation was one of the chosen this year. The very morning after his enfranchisement, fortified by the Divine Food, he left the Church of Our Lady, and with wallet upon his back and staff in his hand he set out on his journey.

We will not follow him through all that long march. It was painful and wearisome, but hope supported him. It was on the Eve of the Feast of Christ's Nativity that he saw a luminous mist which he supposed to indicate the lights of Jerusalem. He was almost completely exhausted, and was walking now in a desert place. Only a few leafless thorny shrubs broke the outline of rough plain; his eyes seemed on fire with the sun of the day which had now gone down; and as in the dim light he walked along, the flints with which the ground was covered lacerated his unshod feet at every step.

Some distance before him grew a single palm.

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He would struggle on to that he thought, and lie down beneath it to rest. Perhaps Our Lord with His dear Mother and Saint Joseph had reposed under its shadow when they fled unto Egypt from the threats of Herod. He went on bravely over the unlovely desert, but as he drew nearer to the tree, it seemed that the flints grew sharper and cut more keenly. Blood flowed at every step, and he only tottered when the shadow of the foliage on the ground made him look up.

Beneath the tree, there was a little altar, of familiar look and shape, and before it knelt a woman in prayer. And upon it was an Image of Mary: but the rose was restored in her hand, the mark had disappeared from the forehead, and from her eyes shone, directly into his, the light of perfect forgiveness and benignity and love. Then the rocky fountains of his heart were broken up, and the tears burst forth; they poured into those feverish eyes like balm, and, as he fell upon his knees and stretched his arms, they rained upon the desert like a summer shower.

And where the penitential blood had poured from his wounded feet, sprang up red roses and clothed the desert with their bloom; and where the tears of contrition had fallen, pure white roses unfolded their stainless petals and shook out their fragrance

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beneath the soft Judean star-light. He saw that Brenhilda had risen and was approaching him, and he saw the Holy Child raise His little hand and bestow a benediction from His throne upon the bosom of the Mystical Rose.

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MARIA VIRGO.

She walked with stainless beauty dight,
By Jordan's wave or Zion's hill,
More pure than snows on Pisgah's height
Or sparkling Kedar's silver rill.

And 'mid the Hebrew maids who dwelt
Within the Temple's refuge sure,
She, Virgin Queen of Virgins knelt,
Preëminent where all were pure.

Guileless, next after Him she bore,
In innocence a spotless dove;
Yet wise with all celestial lore,
And filled with prudence from above.

To whom, below the Eternal Might
Shall all our reverent praise arise,
Save unto thee, thou Palace white,
Where dwelt the Monarch of the skies.

O strong and piteous! In old Rome
A pagan vestal passing by,
Had power to change a felon's doom,
And could forbid the wretch to die.

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As far thy power exceedeth theirs
  As doth thy worth: they stayed the rod
Of human justice, but thy prayers
  Arrest the angry arm of God.

Pure, prudent, worthy praise and prayer,
  Thy heart a very mercy's sea,
The crown of all these graces rare
  Was thy serene fidelity.

Watchful to save our souls from loss,
  God's trust and man's are both thine own;
Faithful to Him beneath His cross,
  Faithful to us upon Thy throne.

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THE SEER AND THE KING.

From the Mountains of Moab the mist veil is torn,
The peaks rise elate in the pomp of the morn;
The rills leap in gold; in the vallies below,
The rath roses open their hearts to the glow.

Round the altar of Bel the dull smoke-masses cling,
On the pinnacled crag stand the seer and the king,
Far east rolls the amber-hued Jordan; between,
The tents of the Hebrews flash white in the sheen.

"Up! curse me yon host!" spake the king, and his eye
Gleamed terror and hatred. "Curse, curse and defy!
They have fallen on that plain like the dew in the night,
Let them perish like dew 'neath the fires of the light!"

The seer o'er his forehead his mantle hath cast,
He shakes in his anguish like reeds in the blast,
Then bursts forth a deep irrepressible moan—
"O dread Adonai Thy mandate be done!

"My king, I have striven to obey thee; but still
The might of Jehovah hath shattered my will,
The curse that my soul is on fire to express,
My lips cannot speak, they but open to bless.

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"No power shall delay them, no cunning shall shun;
From these hills to the ocean their march shall roll on,
Resistless and strong as the sweep of the tide,
For God the Omnipotent fights by their side.

"In darkness and ruin haught Moab is thrust,
They sweep over Canaan, its thrones fall in dust,
The portals of Heaven unfold, and afar
Streams forth with ineffable glory a Star!

"I see o'er the ocean its splendor unrolled,
It pours on the lands its effulgence of gold;
And the sons of our sons trace that light to its spring,
And fall at the feet of the infinite King!"

The prophet was hushed. Down the steep mountain path,
Without gesture or word, strode the king in his wrath.

II.

Time passed. To the grave king and prophet were gone,
But the words of the seer lived immortally on.

From age unto age the tradition went down;
And some chief of those hills, when the daylight had flown,
Ever stood with his eyes fixed on heaven afar,
And watched its still deeps for the dawn of the star.

The Hebrews have passed to dominion o'er all,
From dominion to pride, and from pride to their fall,
The rod of the Roman is crushing the land
Of David, the fulness of time is at hand.

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O Mary! thou pure Gate of Heaven, unfold
That the Star may arise by those ages foretold,
From thy bosom, O Sea, may the just Sun arise,
Sweet Earth bud the Saviour, rain justice sweet Skies.

'Tis spoken! the portals of pearl are flung wide,
The king and the shepherd bow down side by side,
The standard of God on the hills is unfurled,
And the light of Salvation pours sheen o'er the world.

Through thee, Lady, Heaven unto man hath come down,
Through thee shall man soar to the throne and the crown,
From thy pure heart is poured the adorable Ray,
And through thee lies the path unto Jesus our Way.

Then sweet Gate of Heaven unfold and disclose
To the weary that land of eternal repose,
Where the lowly are crowned, where Peace holds her abode,
And the pure see the face of their Father and God.

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THE LILY OF LEBANON.

The gauzy grey mist covered the world. Pulseless almost and silent slept the Mediterranean. Only the lightest ripple sought the shore and crept up with low musical murmur on the beach and flowed away again. Bathing the South where the pyramids shadow the mysterious sands; creeping up past Joppa where the fleets of Solomon the Magnificent, laden with gold and ivory, were wont to furl their weary wings; touching the walls of Acre where Lion-hearted Richard of England rebuked the crowned Crusaders for their coldness of heart; washing the ruins of Tyre whose "merchants were princes, whose traffickers were the honorable of the earth;" flowing between chivalric Cyprus and the point of Cape Madonna, past shores whose sands are history and isles whose names are song.

It kissed that sacred Land, which Moses saw but might not enter; which martial Joshua won. The land where Barak fought and Sisera fell, and Ruth

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walked gleaning through the golden grain; where rapt Isaiah sang, and Judas fought, and David ruled; where the shadow of Emmanuel was thrown upon the amber bosom of the Jordan, and His feet left their imprint on the shores of Galilee.

And far in the East rose the breeze of the morning and swept, odorously sighing, towards the sea. It shook the crescent standard on the towers of Jerusalem; it crisped the cool waters of the awakening Gennesareth; and it rustled in the cedars which shadow with perpetual green the heights of immemorial Libanus. And the gauzy grey mist passed away.

Then the dark clouds that lay here and there on the line of the Orient horizon, grew dusky red like the color of iron-rust; then up into Heaven shot the glittering lances of the royal sun, and amid pomp of bannered clouds, and sudden harmony of birds and deep melodious murmurs from the awaking world, the King of the Day marched forth into the heaven, and wrapt in the sheen of his glory the hills and the isles and the sea.

At Cape Madonna a large brook flows into the sea. But it is fed by the melting of the snows on Libanus. Half way up the side of the mountain where its channel is worn, stood the little Church, and the people of the village had assisted at Mass,

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and were now defiling down the mountain. On the platform in front of the Church, stood a young girl and an old woman who might have been her nurse. They were watching the procession as it moved downward with the sunlight glinting upon the picturesque dresses, the white floating veils and the occasional arms of the men.

The young girl was tall, slender and lithe, with all the dark beauty of the pure Syrian race, but her face was very remarkable for a singular expression of serious although gentle resolution. The eyes were thoughtful and what is called dreamy in expression, a look vulgarly thought to denote lack of practicality, but which really shows only a disposition to observe and meditate. From her station she was at length recalled by a voice behind her.

"The blessing of the morning be upon thee, my child!"

It was the priest, who had finished his thanksgiving and now came forth from the Church. He was a very old man, with a pleasant gentle face, and a long saintly, silver beard falling upon his breast. The young girl and her companion advanced and kissed his hand.

"We have brought some fruits to aid your breakfast, Father," said the girl, "haste Mariam and arrange the table."

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The table was a stationary one of cedar, set with a rustic seat beneath the shadow of a mulberry tree, now in full leaf, and with its luscious berries just tinged by the sun with purple. From a low branch hung the iron plate which serves for a church bell in those regions. The old woman spread a snow-white napkin upon the table, and then took from her basket, fresh figs, bananas, grapes, and a golden melon. A boy brought out rolls of the thin bread of the Lebanon from the priest's house, which adjoined the church, and the simple Oriental meal was ready.

The old priest blessed the food and sate down; the young girl half knelt beside him, Mariam stood ready to wait upon his wants, and the mellow sunshine filtered through the mulberry leaves and fell in sunny patches upon the group.

The Abouna ate in silence, and when his simple wants were satisfied, he turned to the girl and said,

"Well, Anna, child of my heart, are you for a new meditation this morning? How far have we gone in the Litany."

"Ah, Father! have you forgotten already? What did I bring you yesterday?"

"Yes, child, now I remember, you brought a chaplet of roses for the Blessed Virgin, and yester-

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day we spoke of the Mystical Rose. To-day, then, we have ——?

"Tower of David! And that means strength and protection, does it not, my father?"

"Yes, Anna, and now what shall I say to thee more than that."

"A little sermon, Father, like the others, so that the memory of it may fill the day. Ah, if you knew how pleasantly they make both sport and labor pass, those holy thoughts. No matter what I am doing, I recall some one of your expressions, and then go dreaming about it in my own childish way, and so I keep with Mother Mary all the day, and in my sleep and dreams at night she comes sometimes to me like what I have been fancying her while awake. Now, Father."

"Well, then, child of my heart, that name is taken from the Holy Scripture, from the Song of King Solomon the Magnificent and Wise. He whose white winged fleets used to cut the blue waters of the ocean there at our feet, and whose workmen sought our mountain forests for cedars for the Temple at Jerusalem.

"He sang of Christ the great eternal Spouse, and of the Church His Bride; of Christ the head, and of the Church His body mystical. And as the body's blood flows through the neck up to the head, so do

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the Church's prayers, through Mary, pass to our immaculate Lord. Strong in its intercession is that Neck, strong as the tower that royal David reared, and based, like that, on the immemorial Rock. That of hewn stone, cunningly piled; and this compact of all sweet virtues, bound in one, and perfect by her sacred Motherhood.

"The poet king went forth to war and won the shields of thousand enemies, and these he strung on high around his battlements, and made his tower thrice strong. So Mary goes to war and conquers souls and makes them friends, and writes their titles down for lofty thrones on high; and all their prayers, their shields and armor, go to strengthen hers, till stately, on the jewelled walls of Heaven, the mystic Tower of David stands sublime, a refuge and a shelter for the world.

"Run thither, O my child, should man or fiend assail thy soul or body; for 'tis there that thy best bulwark is. Now let us kneel and say Ave Maria."

They knelt down and repeated the beautiful little prayer, and the priest blessed the young Syrian, and she, accompanied by her attendant, went down the hill side to her village.

She and her brother, a boy of twelve, were orphans. Their father, a man of some wealth, had been killed in the Druse insurrection of 1845, and

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their mother, wounded by a lance thrust at the same time, had lingered two or three years as an invalid and then expired, leaving them to the care of their old nurse on earth and the protection of our Lady in Heaven.

From this good mother, and from her nurse Mariam, Anna had drawn from early childhood a profound sense of Mary's power and goodness, and was completely devoted to her. Educated, as far as her education went, by Abouna Bartolmeo, she had long considered him as her father and only guide, and rarely did a day pass without an early visit to him. How they improved those visits we have already seen.

So down through the mulberry shadow and the golden sunshine, walked the child of the Libanus to her home, in the village. The men as they went to their silk trees greeted her with a blessing, and the women at the doorways smiled and nodded as she passed. For the orphan was not only beloved for her own sake and that of her parents, but being considered as especially under the protection of Madonna, a sort of tender reverence mingled with their love, and she was known among all the Maronites of the district by the name of the Lily of Lebanon.

She was greeted by her brother, a gentle delicate

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boy, and entering her house, went pleasantly about the customary duties of the day.

So the day declined on Syria. The sun sank down far westward of the Gaditanian strait, and the grey shadows crept over the dark blue sea, and mounted gradually up the hills. The hum of the insect world began; the lights began to sparkle in the dusk; one moment only the highest peaks of Lebanon shone with a burnished purple lustre; and then the grey veil of the twilight fell upon those also.

Only for a few minutes, for the full orbed moon rose red, and as she soared grew paler and more pure, until she reached the heights of the mid azure and poured a flood of silver upon the earth.

But long ere this, the taper was extinguished in the house of Anna, the last prayer said, and the Lily of Lebanon slept the pure sleep of innocence.

Does the Blessed Mother come to her in dreams to-night, or when the first deep sleep is over, and the mind begins to feel the influence of the morning and to wander in vision? And what shall awaken her? the beams of the sun streaming through her window? the song of birds? or a gun from some vessel below on the sea?

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Hark to that shriek as it pierces, agonized and sharp, through the hush of the night! The young girl starts up. A red glare fills her chamber. She springs to the little window of her room, and behold on every peak of Lebanon burns a fierce red beacon fire. Alas, she knows too well what they mean.

And then fierce and fast are heard the shrieks of terror and anguish from women, until the whole village rings again. With these horrid sounds mingle curses of angry men, and swift, sharp rattling of musketry, the ring of iron hoof and the clash of iron blades. The Druses, Moslems, devil-worshippers or whatever they may be, have risen to burn and to destroy.

Anna's first thought was for her brother. Hastily she dressed herself, and with a brief, earnest prayer, she went to his room. He, too, was up and clothing himself hurriedly, and turned his face pale with affright towards her.

"What is it, sister?"

The Druses, Yuseff, quick, child, dress! and then wait here till I return."

She ran to the door and looked out. A lurid blaze first attracted her eyes, and looking up she saw the church pouring forth volumes of smoke and sparks and fiery tongues of flame. Almost without intention she ran in that direction, but in a few

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yards she stumbled and fell; her hand instinctively stretched out, plashed in a warm, thick pool, and when she held it up it streamed with crimson in the moonlight. She had fallen over the body of one of the first victims.

As she stood there shuddering and in doubt, old Mariam approached her, crying out—

"Why dost thou stand here, O my daughter! Away, for the men of blood, the enemies of God are upon us. Look not up yonder at the Church, the Abouna lies dead under the mulberry tree with his white head cleft by a battle-axe. Fly; fly!"

Then came the roar of the charge but a few yards from where they stood, and from which a line of low houses was all that separated them. And the screams of the victims pierced the girl's ears, and the shots of the fighters and the cries of the murderers, "Down with the Christian dogs! Smite, stab, trample from the grey beard to the babe at the breast. No mercy to the worshippers of Issa!"

"They will be here in another instant," said Mariam. "Away!"

"Yuseff! get my brother first," cried Anna, and ran swiftly towards the house. The boy stood within the doorway trembling.

"Come, Yuseff; thy hand! quick child!"

"Sister, I am afraid."

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"Afraid, and thou a warrior's son! Come; come!"

And away from the home of their childhood, never more to see it, fled the young Christians. And as they gained the first turning, a troop of Druses dashed into the place, and with oaths and fierce laughter, plundered and fired the house.

As she ran on, the Syrian girl recalled brokenly the thoughts that had occupied her through the day, and made of each a prayer, to the Tower of David, to the strong one, the refuge, the defence, the impregnable shelter. But for this and the courage it gave her, she might have gone mad, for her feet plashed in blood as she sped through the quarter of the village first attacked by the Druses.

Here lay a man with the sword still clutched in his stiffening fingers, and the dark frown of battle freezing upon his brow; there, pierced with a lance, and with its broken shaft protruding from her bosom, lay a mother, with her dead child half cut in two by a sabre stroke clasped to her cold dead heart. Now she avoided the shattered grey head of an elder of the village; now sprang up, to escape from treading on the body of a girl of her own age, who lay in the very kennel, her white robe stained with crimson, and her rich masses of black silken hair clotted and defiled with blood.

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Some half dozen Druses rode into the street behind them. She heard their devilish yells, "There go three dogs of Christians!" and she heard the crack of their carbines, and felt the breath of the bullets as they whistled by her face. With a frightful shriek old Mariam threw up her hands and fell dead. A cry to her patroness from Anna was answered by a sudden inspiration. She too fell down among a number of dead bodies, and dragged her brother with her.

"Lie still as if dead!" she whispered to him.

The pursuers shouted as they saw the three fall, and dashed up. One struck at her with his lance as he passed, but his horse swerved at her form, and the weapon struck the ground between her side and her arm. Then shouts and quick firing, which showed that the Maronites had gathered and were offering resistance, called away the troop.

Then the girl rose again.

"Up; Yuseff, up! Pray to thy mother, Mary! we shall yet, by her help, escape."

They gained the edge of the village, and fled out upon the mountain road that leads down unto the sea. Fast as their feet could carry them they fled; but not unseen. Two Druses caught the gleam of the white dress, and turned their horses in pursuit.

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The Lily of Lebanon heard the tramp of the iron heels, and then the boy fell headlong.

"Sister, I can not run any further; I am worn out."

A few more bounds of the wild mountain horses and the murderers would be upon them. Then Anna knelt and closed her eyes, and said—

"Oh, Mother Mary! receive our souls and bear them to the feet of thy Son and our Redeemer!"

Yuseff sprang up.

"See, Anna; see," he cried, "the lady beckons to us; quick, sister! we are saved."

She looked where the boy pointed, and saw indeed a lady in the Maronite Catholic dress standing in the doorway of a huge strong antique tower, close at the roadside. She had only time to notice its vast square form and massive masonry as she and Yuseff rushed towards it; so close were the assassins that she fancied she could feel the breath of the snorting horses.

"Thy lance, Ali," shouted one, "spit her with thy lance."

Hand in hand with Yuseff, she bounded into the open door; heard the clang as its massive frame was dashed to, and the clash of the huge iron bolts as they shot into their staples. Then with a cry of gratitude she sank senseless on the floor.

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The lance of the Druse struck the door as it closed.

"They have escaped us Abou Shein!" said one of the baffled villains.

"Not yet, O Ali. Doubtless there are many of the dogs here. I saw the flash of jewels on the woman's breast as she stood at the open door. Away; back to the troop, bring half a dozen men, and we will soon see what is inside here."

The man called Ali obeyed. And then Abou Shein watched him until he disappeared amid the smoke and flame of the ruined village. And then he thought—

"If I could get an entrance before they come, I might find something worth while. Look about thee, Abou Shein, and try."

He turned and looked; but was petrified with amazement. There was no tower there! Nothing but the rough broken mountain side, towering up hundreds of feet above him; overgrown with scrub cedar and tangled vines, and rock as primitive and rude as when its peaks were left bare by the waters of the abating deluge. This and no other thing met the astonished stare of Abou Shein.

"Mashallah! this is no place for me!" and setting spurs to his horse, he galloped off to tell his wonderful story to his comrades in crime.

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But in Paris, at the Convent of Our Lady of Victories, some few months after, the Sisters were grouped round the young Syrian novice, as she related to them, by command of the Superior, the history of her miraculous escape, through the help of the Tower of David.

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THE VASE.

In the holy land of Judah,
'Neath the shadows of Mount Zion,
In the house of royal David,
Stood a Vase of purest beauty.

From its earliest existence
Nothing ever could defile it.
Neither man's nor demon's malice,
Winter's blast nor burning summer,
Rain nor dust-cloud ever sullied
Its transparent, perfect whiteness.

And the Angels daily filled it—
Bringing them at morn from heaven—
With all flowers of richest fragrance,
Purest bloom and rarest virtue,
That beside Life's crystal river
Grow in God's eternal Garden.

And these blossoms did not wither,
Did not fade nor lose their sweetness.
But redoubled bloom and odour:
Till the starry spirits found them,
Fairer than when culled in Eden.

So again they took them heavenward,

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And returned with richer, fairer;
But these also kept unfaded,
Also grew in scent and lustre,
Till at length those sacred roses
Had no tinge of earth about them.

Sometimes 'mid their heaven-born splendors
Sinful hands would mingle others,
Bitter rue and mournful cypress;
But the Vase, with wondrous virtue,
So transmuted and transformed them,
That the messengers, at morning,
Found them blossoms fit for Eden!

So it stood, bloom-filled and stainless,
Filling all the land with beauty;
Daily purer, more transparent
Till it grew for earth too perfect,
And the Angels bore it upward
To the Palace of our Father.

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THE HOUSE OF GOLD.

A BROOK ran forth from the shadows of a forest, wound through the plain and disappeared in the distance. Standing on the bank, you saw, some hundred yards off, a huge, shapeless building, or rather collection of oddities made into a dwelling place. Here a church-yard cross leaned against and propped a tottering wall; one gable shewed half a ruinous spire, another a newly-painted wren-house; one end was Gothic, another Grecian, except that part of the portico of the latter was built up in plain red brick, with Venetian blinds, and a door with knocker, plate, and bell. The first window, lancet shaped, shewed the Parable of the Prodigal Son in stained glass; the second was square and glazed with French plate. Then came a Catharine wheel, partly glazed and partly filled with oiled paper, and next to that was a four-paned amorphous sash, principally closed with old garments which fluttered in the breeze.

A rustic, shingle-roofed balcony ran along the

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front until it was stopped by a series of square capped Egyptian buttresses, upon the key-stones of which was sculptured the winged orb; and this in its turn was continued into an Italian terrace-railing made of stucco.

In front of the grounds was a rail fence, the gate whereof was a triumphal arch of Caen stone, richly sculptured and crested with the equestrian statue of a warrior king, and a wooden shed, painted pink, was erected over this to protect it from the elements.

And at every outlet of this establishment people were perpetually pouring out and in; moving, with all their furniture, from one set of rooms to another; changing the whole style of an apartment, and when that was done, moving out of it. And the uproar of restlessness, quarreling, noisy reconciliation and fresh dispute made it like a Babel. Add to this, that the whole edifice never, coadherent in its parts was so shaken by the uproar, that it threatened to tumble every minute. Several attempts had been made to hold it together by passing a straw-rope several times round it; but that had been broken in fifty places at the first jar, and now hung here and there snaky, rotten and ugly.

Four children came out of this building, and ran down towards the grassy shore of the brook. The first was a boy of sixteen, tall for his age, well

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formed and lithe; with clustering chestnut curls and great, flashing dark eyes. He bounded along like a stag, and left the others behind. A girl of twelve followed him more slowly. She bore a resemblance to her brother, but all the tints were lighter and cooler, her hair was straight and smooth, and her eyes of light hazel were steadfast and clear as a falcon's.

And behind these, came hand in hand, a boy of fourteen and a child but seven or eight years old. The boy was a mild, calm-browed yet resolute looking fellow; neat, and a thought particular in his dress, and very quiet and pleasant in voice and manner. He showed great fondness for the child whom he lead along, and who merited it if judged by her face. Her features were regular, and united with the fresh bloom of childhood, made her singularly lovely. Curls of fine, golden silk crowned the sweet head; the little rosebud mouth was drawn into a happy half-smile, and her large violet eyes were full of hope and love and a tendency to look upward and to linger upon the object.

"Shall I carry you, little Peace?" asked the boy.

"No, Lolo, I can walk fast enough, if you hold my hand."

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He had stooped and lifted her tenderly over a log that lay in their path, and they walked on. Meantime the elder boy had jumped from the bank and stood now upon the shore of the brook, looking into the swift waters. In a moment after, the girl jumped down beside him. He turned to her and said—

"You here, Fida, why you have left little Peace?"

"Oh," she said, "you ran first, and I ran after you. Peace is behind with Lolo, and will be here in a moment. See; see that beautiful red bird on the brier yonder!"

In a moment the boy stooped, caught up a stone, and flung it with deadly aim. The poor bird was dashed from its perch, and fell dead into the brook.

"Oh, brother!" and the tears rose in the girl's clear eyes.

The boy blushed.

"It *was* a mean thing to do," he said impetuously. "I wish I could think before I do things. I did not mean to kill him, Fida, and I'm very sorry. Don't tell little Peace."

As he spoke, the child appeared on the bank above him. He hastened to lift her down to the shore, when she began to pluck the wild flowers, and when she had filled her lap, she sate quietly down to weave them into a crown. The others

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threw themselves upon the grass beside her, and Ardens, for so was the elder lad called, said—

"Well, now for our council. What are we to do for a home? Our house will hold us no longer. It gets worse and worse every day. We cannot even rest in it any longer, and what are we to do?"

"Cannot we find shelter with our neighbors?" asked Lolo.

"Yes," replied his brother if we separate, but not otherwise. If we break up and part and never see each other any more?"

"Ah me," said the younger lad, "that will never, never do. I cannot get along without you. I should die."

"And I," cried Ardens, "if we have to separate, will go and be a soldier and get killed in battle."

"It is not right to part," said Fida, "and I never will consent. Besides, who is to take care of little Peace?"

They all turned their eyes to the child. Her little hands lay idle among the flowers in her lap, her lip was trembling, and the big tears were falling from her violet eyes.

"Don't cry, Peace," said Ardens, catching her up in his arms, "we will never separate, but all live and die together. Trust to me, I shall find a way."

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"If we were to ask somebody older than ourselves?" suggested Lolo.

"The Solitary knows," said Fida.

"Certainly!" cried Ardens, "why did I not think of that before? Come, let us go to him at once." So saying he sprang up, and taking little Peace in his arms, set off at a rapid pace through the glades along the brook.

An hour's walk brought them to a range of low rocks, which beginning at the rivulet ran back to the mountain chain. Just here the glades or cleared woods ended, and the thick dark, primeval forest began. Here dwelt, in a natural cave of small size, an aged man, who led a solitary life of prayer and contemplation. Fida and Ardens had both visited him, and from his kindness then, approached him now with confidence. They found him sitting at the door of his cell, with an antique volume upon his knees. He blessed them as they came up, and taking the child upon his knee, waited for them to tell their errand.

Ardens began and told clearly and well their situation; how they were threatened with separation, how it was impossible to live in their house any longer, and how they were determined to seek some other shelter."

"Besides," added Fida, "our mother, while she

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lived, used to tell us that we had a house away in some distant land, and if we could but reach it, that we should be happy forever there. But she died and left us alone, and if somebody do not guide us, how shall we ever find it?"

"And so, we came to you, Father," said Ardens, "to be taught."

"You have done well, children," the old man said gently, "I have long known that you could live no longer where you were; and I have seen many dangers growing around you which you never suspected. You do well to fly. And your mother's words were true words. You have another shelter. It is the House of Gold which stands on the Mountain of God. In this House dwelt the eternal Dove, and from its portals came the great High King. And it was He who prepared this Golden House for you and for all who are good because He loved you. He had many enemies who were yours also, and who are and will be so until you reach your home. They tried to prevent Him from preparing any good for you, but so strong was His love, that He gave up His crown and Throne and even His life for your sake. And He it is who has made the Golden House so pure and beautiful and perfect, and Who wishes that you may find it and be sheltered there forever."

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"I love that King!" said little Peace in a low voice.

"Yes, my child," said the Solitary, "and you will love Him ever more and more, but never so well as He has loved you."

"And will you show me the way?" asked Ardens.

"No, my son, I cannot go with you."

"Ah me!" sighed Lolo, "I shall never get there."

"Do not be down-hearted," said the old man. "You must be cheerful and brave." (Ardens drew himself up.) "But not too bold, nor too self-confident." (Ardens subsided and colored a little.) "I cannot go with you. But your way at first lies through the forest and along the brook. You will find in a place like to this, only on the other side of the forest and at the foot of the mountain, a shepherd who keeps his flock there, and he will prepare you for the rest of your journey. But you must be careful, for the forest is dark, and has many windings; and there are marshy places, and sometimes you may lose sight of the brook. But be brave, keep all together, cherish the little child, and you will succeed. But you must have a leader."

"Yes, follow me," cried Ardens, "and let us start at once for the glorious House of Gold."

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"Softly!" said the hermit, "I am not sure but that yonder quiet lad would be the safest leader through the forest."

"I," said poor Lolo, "O, no! I never could lead any one. I always follow Ardens and Fida."

"Come here all, and let me look into your eyes," said the Solitary. And when they stood before him he looked seriously at them, and said, "They are all good, pure innocent eyes, but these," laying his hand on Fida's head, "are the clearest and most steadfast. She shall lead you through the forest."

Ardens muttered something indistinctly about "having to follow a girl!" but he cleared up, and resigned himself, as little Peace called Fida and crowned her with the flowers she had wreathed.

"Well now, Fida," said Ardens, "you are Queen, why do we not start?"

"Have you any provision for the journey?" asked the old man. "You will need some; and I have not enough in my poor cell here to offer you."

"We have plenty at home," said Fida.

"And I will go back and fetch it," said Lolo.

"Good old Lolo!" said little Peace.

"And while you are gone," said the Solitary, "I will teach the others a prayer which you must utter night and morning on bended knees until your

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journey shall be ended. They will teach it to you on the way."

"Very well," answered Lolo cheerfully, "I am not very bright, but I can learn if Fida will teach me." Fida nodded, and the boy started off.

While he was gone, the Solitary taught them this little prayer:

Father! lend a gracious ear!
Dark the forest shadows blend,
Steep the crags their crests uprear,
Wide the desert sands extend.
Guard us to our destined seat,
Nerve and guide our pilgrim feet.

'Neath Thy wings our lives unfold!
Be our souls Thy sacred care,
Till the stately House of Gold
Ope and bid us welcome there.
Guard us to our destined seat,
Nerve and guide our pilgrim feet.

Ardens learned this immediately, but was apt to put one word for another. Fida was slower but more accurate, and little Peace had a way of crooning it over in a low song to herself which was quite as successful as any; and so by the time they knew it well, Lolo came up with a bundle on his shoulder and a small woodman's axe in his belt. Then they all kneeled down and the old man blessed

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them, and following the course of the brook, they struck at once into the deep forest and he saw them no more.

On went the children bravely along the murmuring brook, but when the sun began to decline in the West, even Ardens found himself walking slowly, with the bundle slung upon a stick between himself and Fida, and Lolo was trudging gallantly behind them with little Peace asleep in his arms.

They came to an open grassy place at the foot of an overhanging rock, and here they determined to rest for the night. Lolo's hatchet soon cut down a quantity of branches, and with these he and Ardens built a hut against the rock for their sisters. They were hardy fellows, and the night promised to be fine, so that they determined to have no shelter but the sky.

They made a frugal repast, and then after chatting awhile over their past and their hope for the future, they knelt and repeated their prayer. And soon the beautiful stars arose in the deep blue heavens and poured their soft light through the leaves upon the still forms of the slumbering children.

They awoke with the sun and were soon ready for a start. They had now to reckon upon a whole day's march and upon penetrating deep into the

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lonely forest. All went well for awhile, but the pace at which Ardens walked soon proved too swift for the child, and although she made no complaint, she began to look pale and fatigued.

"Don't go so fast, brother," said Fida. "Peace cannot keep up."

"Fast!" he cried, "why we will never get through if you call this fast. Come here little one!"

He stooped, and very willingly the child stretched out her arms, and was taken up by him. But his burden soon grew heavy: he began to regret the unnecessary outlay of strength he had made at the beginning of the march, leaping over fallen trees, and climbing up the occasional rocks. First he became silent, then his pace began to lag, and at last, although he held out heroically, his arms began to ache, and he was obliged to propose a halt.

And when they had rested and were ready to go on again, he made no objection to his brother's proposition to take the child while he and Fida should share the bundle between them.

So on they went, ever deeper and deeper into the old wood, and every hour their difficulties increased. Sometimes a spur of rocks, or a plashy marsh would force them from the brook, and they would have hard work to find it again. Sometimes a number of deer paths would puzzle them and a

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dispute would arise, or they would take the wrong one, and after a long error be obliged to plod wearily back.

Once Ardens was sure that the true road led over a particular rock, and insisted on crossing it. When the others demurred to the fatigae of climbing it perhaps for nothing, he reproached them.

"We will never get to the Golden House," he said, "if we go along in this jog-trot way. You must have some fire in you. Come along, follow me!"

Then he sprang upon the rocks which formed merely a narrow line, and, almost without looking, jumped down, on the other side, up to his waist in a filthy black mire; and then he saw, stretching before him, a foul, interminable bog, where long ugly vines were twisting about, and grey water snakes were basking, coiled upon the tufts of coarse grass.

He came out very much cooled in body and calmed in mind. He looked rather foolish, but as nobody laughed at him, and his brother soon scraped the mud off him, he ceased to think about it.

Then again they would find themselves nearly surrounded by a dense thicket with no way appearing out of it on any side, and just as they would

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nearly lose courage and prepare to go back, Fida's keen eye would espy the right path.

So on they went for three days and nights, and now a new danger threatened them. Their provisions were almost gone, and they knew not how far the gloomy forest still extended. They had become accustomed to its sights and sounds now also, and these had no longer any novelty to cheer or excite them. But still Fida and Ardens led the way stoutly and Lolo followed with little Peace. And still at morning and evening their voices were strong, clear and full of hope as they said or sang their prayer.

When at noon on the fourth day they sate down beneath a huge wide-spreading tree, and laid out their stock of food, it was seen that there was not enough for two.

"Pooh!" said Ardens as he saw this, although he had a right to be and was very hungry! "I don't want any of that! I shall wait until I can catch a rabbit and roast him for myself."

So he strolled off among the bushes to see if he could find any wild fruits. Fida ate two or three mouthfuls and saw that little Peace made a full hearty meal.

"Now, Lolo," she said, "you eat the rest and let us hope for a better supper to-night."

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But Lolo, quietly slipped what was left into his pocket, and dined on a drink of water.

They rose from their noon repose with a sigh and marched on. But they were very still, and moved with their eyes on the ground. It seemed to grow dusk earlier than usual, and one of them remarked the height of the undergrowth. They then looked up and saw that both sides of the narrow road were lined with trees and with tall, tangled undergrowth, so tall and thick and dense as to look black in the feeble light.

The child complained of hunger, and Lolo gave her the remnants of their last meal. They listened for the murmur of the brook, but they had wandered they knew not how far away from it. And they were alone now in that dismal wood, without food or drink, tired and hungry, and the night was falling fast.

Then they went on, but the wood grew denser and blacker, and the open way narrowed and tapered, and at last ended abruptly in a hopeless thicket. They could now scarcely see each other's faces, and as they stood there mute and almost in despair, the shadows of the pitiless night fell heavier and heavier upon them, and they were in total darkness.

Then Fida spoke in a trembling voice "Let us

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say our prayer now!" and kneeling down close together, the poor children poured, from the very depth of their hearts, their supplication:

"Father lend a gracious ear,
Dark the forest shadows blend."

And as they finished, and still remained upon their knees, they heard far, far off, but terribly clear and recognizable, the howl of a wolf!

Ardens sprang to his feet.

"I will break through that wood somewhere," he said, "and try to find an outlet. Sit still here, and I will try to find an outlet. Sit still here, and if I find any path I will call, and you can follow my voice."

"Do not go!" they all cried, and Fida added, "Stay with us Ardens, if we are to die let it be together."

"No," said he, "I will go. There is a chance for me, and that is better than to sit still here in the dark and be ———."

He was silent, but the long howl was heard again and completed his sentence. They shivered coldly as they heard it.

"I go," he said, "Pray to our Father for me."

His step was heard upon the sward, then the crackling of the undergrowth as he burst his way

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through; and then a despairing shriek pierced the gloom; a crash as of rapidly breaking branches, a rush as of stones and earth falling to a great depth. Then all was still, and the three clutched each other and grew rigid with horror.

But matters were not so bad as they feared; in moment they heard their brother's voice calling their names.

"Here, here, Ardens! but where are you?"

"Listen!" he answered, "but do not move a inch. I have fallen from the edge of a precipice, but into a strong tree, and I am not hurt."

"What can we do?"

"I do not know. You, Lolo, creep towards my voice; but down on all fours, mind! and stretch your hands well out at every step until you feel the edge of the rock; then we may find out some way of relief."

"I come, Ardens," cried Lolo cheerfully, "hold on and don't be afraid."

Little Peace began to cry. But Fida, although she felt like weeping herself, forced herself to say,

"Do not cry, little sister, Lolo must go to help Ardens. He is only going a little way and both will soon be back." Then she drew the poor trembling child upon her lap and clasped her closely to her bosom.

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"Now, brother go, and be careful!"

Then the boy got down upon all fours, and alternately calling to Ardens and waiting for his reply, he crept warily on his way. Putting his hands out before him one after another as far as he could reach he advanced slowly. It was but a few yards before he felt the edge of the rock, and knew by the fall of the loose earth which his touch displaced that he was upon the brink.

"That earth fell near me, Lolo," said Ardens, "crawl toward the right."

The boy moved carefully along until his hand fell upon a strong, gnarled tree root, and then another, and then a mass of roots with earth embedded between them. He could feel others running back into the soil behind him, and at once comprehended the position.

"All right, brother," he said cheerfully, "I know all about it now. A tree has been blown over and is hanging top downwards. You are in the branches and I have the roots here. Try if you cannot feel the trunk above you."

"I have it; I have it!" was the answer. "It is a cedar; the pitch is sticking to my hands; and now that I have got over my alarm, I can smell the foliage. I wish I could see!"

"Ah, indeed, yes; but don't you think you

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could climb towards me safely? I am out on the edge of the mass of roots; they are as thick as my arm and as strong as iron. I am just above you; hold down your head and I will drop a twig. There! did that strike you!"

"Right on the neck; you are exactly above me. Here I come."

Lolo heard his brother's movements along the trunk of the cedar, and when Ardens spoke again he was close beneath him.

"Can you let go one hand?"

"Oh, yes! I am safe astride the trunk. Put your hand down and I will try to touch it." After a moment's groping about, their hands met, and strong was the grasp with which they caught each other. Then slowly and strongly Lolo, drew up his brother's hand and guided it to a root.

"Have you got a good hold? and can you give me the other hand?

"Yes! here," and Lolo seized it with both of his; and said,

"Now, brother, slowly! surely! up you come!"

In another moment muscular Ardens had swung himself up with Lolo's help, and then the brothers fell back upon the grass and lay there exhausted clasped in each other's arms.

The silence alarmed Fida and she called.

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"We are coming!" answered Ardens. "Both are safe. Come, brother, side by side. Oh, Lolo, how often you have helped me when my hot head got me into trouble, and now you have saved my life. You are the dearest and best old fellow in the whole universe!"

Poor Lolo felt himself blushing in the dark; he was not accustomed to receive praise, and as he did not know exactly what to do with it, he forgot it. But he felt very happy. And so they crept back to their sisters who seized upon both as if determined that they should not move again.

But they had no desire to do so. For they were weak now with fasting and the reaction of their late excitement. After sitting in silence for awhile, Ardens threw himself back upon the sward, with a sigh of faintness; but starting up again, he cried,

Look up! look up!"

They all looked up and saw the blessed light. Although they were surrounded with pitchy darkness, and although even overhead the unlopped boughs of the immemorial forest, clothed thickly with their midsummer foliage, formed a nearly impenetrable roof, yet they could see the pale faint lustre through them.

"Oh!" said little Peace, "if we only had wings!"

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A breeze arose and rustled through the leaves and died away again.

"Now all be still," said Fida, "let me try to hear the brook. She crouched down, put her ear close to the ground and listened intently. No sound but the chirp of the insects was audible. As she raised her head disappointed, a single spark in the thicket in front of her attracted her attention. Her falcon eye dilated and fixed upon it. She thought at first it was a glow worm; but no, it was not green enough for that. Without losing sight of it, or even rising, she spoke,

"I see a spark in the thicket there; do not move nor speak while I creep towards it," and then, her eyes aching with the intensity of their gaze, she moved towards it. It was a drop, a little trembling drop of pale blue light. Slowly she advanced her hand, and the light glowed upon it as she grasped the polished stem of a shrub upon which it had rested.

"Lolo! bring your axe and creep toward me!"

He came, and she guided his hand to the bush.

"Cut the stem and pull the whole bush out!"

The boy obeyed, but not easily, for the shrub was tall and full branched and densely leaved; but he dragged it free at last and threw it behind him, and then a hundred sparkling drops like water thrown

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from a cup, sparkled upon the thick stems. Swift fell the hatchet, and bush after bush was torn away. The light poured in. Little Peace saw it, and clapped her hands for joy. They were soon all at work. Lolo cutting and the others dragging away. They received some scratches and some blows from the switching branches, but they laughed at these. And the passage widened, and the glad soft beautiful light poured in more and more, and they pierced the thicket, and came out upon a clear and nearly open plain.

On the left near them they could distinguish the dark line of the gorge in which Ardens had so nearly been lost; beyond that, the tall forest which had thrown a double shadow of darkness over the place which they had left; and above that, rolling upwards in silver splendor, the full orbed moon.

To the right, a sinuous broad line of rippling golden radiance lay upon the plain, and they cried out for joy, "The brook! the brook!"

Their cry was answered by the bark of a dog; and that was followed by the plaintive bleating of sheep. Then they heard a human voice, and at last saw a low cottage with a large fold beside it.

"It is the house of the shepherd!" they exclaimed, and in a moment all fatigue was forgotten. Then the huge wiry-haired dog came bounding

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towards them, and Ardens caught the hatchet from Lolo and strode in front; but little Peace ran past him, and the dog thrust his rough cold nose into her little hand, and walked placidly beside her as if they had been friends for years.

The Shepherd came to meet them. A venerable, mild old man, with silvery hair and beard.

"Who are you, my children, who wander so late?"

"We are young pilgrims, sir, who seek the House of Gold, and we bring you a greeting from the Solitary who lives on the other side of that dreadful forest."

"How long have you been in the wood?"

"Four long days and three nights, and this, the longest, dreariest, of all."

"Poor children, you must be footsore and heart-sore both. Come to my home."

He took the child up in his arms and led the way, the dog gambolling round and round them.

And first, in the sweet cool waters, drawn from a well near the cottage, he washed their hands and faces and feet, and blessed them, signing a cross upon their foreheads. Then he brought them into the house and set food before them, and when they had eaten he bade them sing their prayer, and then

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showed them neat little cells, where pleasant beds lay white and ready for them.

"Now go, dear children, and forget your troubles in repose."

Little Peace put her arms round his neck, and kissed his withered cheek, as he pressed her gently to his heart. The others kissed his hand and then retired, and in sweet, calm slumber the dark and weary forest was forgotten.

Three days they rested with the Shepherd, and on the night of the third he bade them be ready to start early in the morning. Round the neck of each he hung a silver medal, which each must keep clean and bright by his own care; and which only evil doing or evil thought or word could tarnish. That was to be their main vigilance in the journey, to keep these spotless. Then he gave them a mirror, which he told them was the Mirror of Justice. It was to be carried where it could be easily seen. "And if," said he, "it shows a distorted feature, a dark brow, or curled lip; if indeed it show your faces in other guise than calm and pleasant and simple, stop then, and search your hearts for evil.

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"To-morrow, O beloved little ones, you are to commence the passage of that mountain which you see so tall and vast there rising from the plain; for the House which you seek is beyond it. There you will find new hardships and difficulties, such as you have not in the country whence you come. Many means of temporary relief which others use, are forbidden to them who wear those medals or carry that mirror. Many a path will seem the wrong one, and many an ascent too rough to be overcome, and many a spot impassable. But yet that is the way. Be brave but not over bold, faithful but not self-confident, humble but not timid. If you come to several roads, hold up the mirror; it will reflect only the right one; but if the face be distorted that looks in it, it will show nothing. And above all remember that if you suffer your medals to become tarnished and to lose their lustre you will never see nor reach the Golden House."

And on the morrow they awoke. Ardens renewed in strength like a young giant, and blooming with health and high spirits. Fida and Lolo declared that they never were so well, and little Peace, if not so gay as the rest, wore a happy, contented look. She was, it is true, rather thin for so young a child, but that gloomy forest had been a hard trial.

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The Shepherd filled the knapsack with provision, and accompanied them to the foot of the hill. There he bade them "Farewell, and remember," and returned to his flock.

At first the way was pleasant enough, the ascent was gentle, the turf soft and enamelled with flowers, and they proceeded right happily onward and upward. But in half-an-hour or so little Peace grew silent, and paced along in a very grave way, looking downwards; and then the flowers she had gathered seemed to grow heavy, and if she dropped one she did not pick it up again; and then she ran up and caught hold of Fida's hand, and that did for awhile. But at the end of an hour she grew pale, and began to cast longing glances from her large eyes at Ardens, who was bounding along like a stag in his glad sensation of strength, and that pecular feeling of freedom which a mountain gives. At last her younger brother caught one of these looks, and called out—

"Ardens, come take the knapsack, Peace is tired."

But the elder boy caught up the child gently, tossed her to a seat upon his shoulder, and away up the mountain side like a chamois. Higher and higher, and the ascent grew more steep. The turf grew thinner and drier as the soil thinned; the

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flowers were scarcer; only the large pale violet, or the azure mountain gentian bloomed here, and above them shone clusters of the crimson and gold-hearted rock rose.

A boulder had fallen directly across the path; but nothing could check the course of fiery Ardens.

"Hold fast round my neck, little pet!" he said; and so, with the child still on his shoulder, he scaled the rough sides of the rock, and stood triumphant on the top. "Now, Fida, give me your hand; put your feet in the broken places, so! up, you come! Hand up the sack Lolo. Now reach up! I've got it. Here we are all!" Then he sprang down and bade Peace jump into his arms, which she did fearlessly; he helped down Fida, would have taken the little one up again, but she declared herself rested, and so he made his brother throw down the sack to him, and tossing that upon his shoulders he led the way.

But the road was steep and rough, occasional patches of thin snow lay here and there, and there were long stretches of bare granite, slippery with long attrition of snows, and bearing no vegetation but ugly flat grey lichens. Then there were hollows filled with mud, or masses of fallen rock to climb painfully over.

The elder girl often stopped, half discouraged at

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some of these passages, but Ardens would help her over, with a jest or cheerful remark. Lolo had a way of getting down upon hands and knees for these perilous passes, that seemed to give him great comfort, and which enlivened the others at his expense. But he laughed with them.

"I know," he said, "that it is not the handsomest way, but I think it is the surest."

Ardens was the life and courage of all; he was so full of happy energy, so lithe and handsome, as he carried or lifted the child in all the bad places, or helped Fida with his hand. The mountain air and exercise filled his dark eyes with light, tossed his fine chestnut hair, and gave his cheek the color of the rock rose.

"We should never get up without you!" said the others.

"Pooh!" he cried, "you all do well enough, and see up yonder! Do you see that hut at the foot of the peak there. There we shall have dinner, and little Peace shall get a good long sleep."

The child smiled sweetly on him, and stretched out her arms. He flung the knapsack to his brother, and took her on his shoulder. But it was a hard climb, the ascent was steep and the path was full of shingle on which they slipped, and bits of it would turn and hurt their feet. Even Ardens

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panted when they reached the resting place, half-cell half-hut, and they all sate, or lay down for some moments, repose before they spread out their provisions and ate their frugal meal.

There were fagots there, and Ardens made a fire in the rough rock chimney, for the air of those elevated regions was cold. So when they had dined and little Peace had been composed to sleep in a warm corner upon a fragrant couch of cedar foliage, Ardens said,

"Now get all the rest you can, for we have a hard afternoon's work before us!"

Hard indeed it was, for the first steps almost seem impossible. Before them, as they stood in a group, rose a peak almost a hundred feet in height, and sheer and steep as the wall of a tower. To the left stretched the multitudinous glacier-waves, the broken iron crags and snowy summits of the pathless mountain; on the right yawned a vast unfathomable gorge, so deep that the roar of the fierce torrent that swept furiously through it, sounded to them but as the murmur of a woodland brook. Road they saw none.

"What we are to do here, I do not know," said Lolo. "Even Ardens could not get over that unless he had the wings that little Peace wished for in the forest."

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"There must be a way!" said Fida.

"Let us look in the Mirror," cried Ardens. They turned the glass towards the peak, and there distinguished a darker line running apparently round its base. They walked towards it then, and saw a frightful path along the very brink of the gorge. It was not long; fifteen or twenty steps would measure it; but it was scarcely two feet wide. On one side rose the inaccessible wall of rock, on the other yawned the terrible gulf. A blast of wind, a false step, a sudden start, and the traveller must be dashed to atoms far, far below.

"Surely," said Ardens, "shuddering as he looked at it, "people do not pass that."

"It must be the way," said Fida, "for the Mirror shows it. Let me try it, I am not afraid."

"No," answered Ardens, "I will go first; if it is safe, you can follow." His cheek lost its color and his heart stopped beating, but the brave boy nerved himself, resolutely stepped forward, and walked swiftly over. He stood for a moment to recover himself, and then said,

"Now, I will come back for little Peace."

"No, I can go alone," said the child, "I shall not fall!" and before she could be stopped she had run forward, and was on the edge of the abyss.

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Then Fida saw floating in the air, by the child's side, the white-winged, white-robed figure of an Angel. His earnest, loving eyes were fixed upon the child, and his hands held out as if to guide her and support her. And when Ardens caught her hand, the Angel, seen only by Fida, soared away upward into the serene blue deeps of Heaven.

Then Fida crossed without a tremor.

But it was not so with Lolo. He was a stout fellow and no coward, but that passage was too much for his nerves; and he stood there looking at it helplessly, while the others called to him to come.

"Take courage, and walk boldly!" cried Ardens.

"Don't think about it, but come!" said Fida.

"Crawl over, Lolo!" said the sweet voice of little Peace.

"So I will!" said Lolo; and down he went on hands and knees, and with fear and trembling crept safely across.

"Oh, laugh away, if you like," he said smiling as he rose to his feet. "But I learned that way of travelling in the forest there, and it is a very good way for me. I intend to adopt it altogether if we have much more of this sort of country."

Thenceforward the march was very difficult, the sun had softened the thin snow, and their feet were soon wet and chill; they slipped often, and occa-

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sional falls splashed them with half-melted snow and mud. The heat of the sun with their severe labor, enfeebled and exhausted them. If they stood still to breathe, the cool breeze pierced them through, and ever the steep mountain side rose before them, and all around were broken crags, white peaks and fearful yawning chasms.

Fida grew faint and weary. Lolo drew his wearied limbs painfully along. Ardens was a hero. He carried little Peace nearly all the way; he gave his arm to his elder sister, and he cheered his brother with his voice. And so at last, the steep was passed before sunset, and a low stone building sheltered by a height of some fifty feet at the foot of which it stood, received the young pilgrims.

The others were thoroughly fatigued, and sank upon the rude benches which charitable hands had provided in the building. It was Ardens who made the fire; Ardens who caused them dry their shoes and clothing, who spread out their meal, and who hunted up the store of mountain hay and made warm couches for them all.

"We should have died on the mountain side but for you," said Fida gratefully.

"I never saw such a fellow for hard work!" said Lolo, nodding sleepily.

Peace patted his cheek as she sate drowsily upon

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his knee. Then he roused them for their evening prayer, and that over, sent them off to sleep. Then with a happy heart he lay down and forgot all his cares and weariness in slumber.

He rose in the grey of the morning and made a brisk fire before he roused the others. Their toilette was short, for they remembered what work was before them. All complained of soreness and stiffness, but Ardens told them that would soon go off with walking. So they went out into the dim light and began their journey. But at the foot of the hill they paused.

"Oh dear," said Fida, "must we climb all day to-day too?"

"I think not," said Ardens, "here goes for one hill at any rate." He started off, his feet crackling on the snow which the cool night had made dry and crisp, and ran to the summit of the hill. As he reached it, he shouted aloud.

"The climbing is over! This is the very summit," and, he added, with his eyes upon the mirror, "the road winds down, down hill gently to the base."

It was a noble face also that the Mirror of Justice reflected there, unstained by an unworthy idea or feeling, lighted up by thought for others, and dignified with the look of that true courtesy the soul whereof is self-sacrifice.

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And as he stood there on the summit, looking to the children below much larger than he was, the mist began to break up and curl away in wreaths around him, and the slant beams of the rising sun turned them to filmy gold. Beauty sate on his brow and cheek and looked from his fine dark eye. Strength stood erect upon the peak there in his lithe and elegant form, and the gauzy glory floated round him; and his soul at that moment was more beautiful than his form.

And bright as a diamond in the early rays flashed the burnished silver medal upon his breast; and the children looked up at him there and murmured to each other how handsome and how good Ardens was.

Then he came down again and carried Peace up, followed by the rest. And they stood there on the mountain top, and were refreshed by the sight of the glorious panorama of height and plain. Two great obstacles on their way to the Golden House had been overcome, but the end of their journey was not yet.

The summit on which they stood was covered with snow; and Ardens proposed to show how mountaineers got down such passes, by sliding. So he sate down and started, but the motion grew swifter than he had expected, he lost his equilibrium,

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rolled over three or four times and came with something of a thump, although unhurt, to the bottom. It was very funny to see him tumbling over, and the children laughed; but at the sound of their mirth he sprang up, and walked angrily away.

"They would have laughed," he muttered to himself, "if I had broken my neck. And they would not have been where they could see my fall if it had not been for me. I hate ungrateful people. It is well for them that they are younger than I, or I would leave them to take care of themselves. That would soon stop their laughing."

He turned back not in kindness but in pride to take the hand of the child; and the diamond lustre had altogether faded from the medal, and a grey spot upon its surface looked as if eaten there by acids.

Lolo had not noticed his brother's anger, and Fida though she saw it, thought it would pass away soon. But, unfortunately, this course only made him worse. "They don't care," he thought, "whether I am angry or not. They think that they can do well enough without me now that there are no more mountains to climb. Yesterday I was good Ardens; brave Ardens! and now! I hate selfishness!"

Having thus got upon a wrong track, he pursued

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it with the energy and warmth of his nature and soon wrought himself up to a most unhappy pitch of pride. He began to run hither and thither off the road, sometimes to gather rock roses as they swung from the brink of a precipice, sometimes to spring down the sides of a gorge to the terror of the children and his own peril.

"Do not go off the path, Ardens," said Fida, "it is so dangerous."

"Oh," he answered, "just watch yourself, please; you thought I could get *up* well enough; trust me for getting safely down the mountain."

"But it is wrong," urged the girl gently, "the Shepherd forbade us to leave the road; and besides you might lose the mirror, and then we could no longer find our way."

"Lose the Mirror!" he answered perversely, "yes, that I suspect, you care for a good deal more than for the breaking of my neck."

Fida kept silent, and they went on. It was very hard work. The steepness of the descent forced their feet forward into their shoes and made them very painful, pressing the nails into the flesh. Sometimes a rough, irregular, natural staircase jolted them, and sometimes a smooth slope of bare rock made them slip and the muscular exertion to keep erect racked their limbs.

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This and the recklessness of their elder brother, with the consequent lack of cheerfulness, made their march a heavy one, and they were completely worn out when they stopped at noonday. Their strength had given out before they reached the usual midway station, and they had seated themselves at the foot of a rock on the roadside. In front on the other side of the road was a rift eight or ten feet deep, of a sort common enough in mountains. The old leaves, the detritus of rock, and the dust brought upon the winds drift into these and form a soil, and this the warm trickling of springs and the running of melted snow in summer turn into sluggish black mud. A few rough reed-like plants find sustenance in this.

Ardens had suffered his sister and brother to make themselves as comfortable as they could, without offering even to assist them, but now when they began to eat, he approached them and said—

"Am I to have nothing to eat?"

"Oh brother," said Fida, reproachfully, "you know that all that we have is yours, it is before you."

He replied by a sneer. Little Peace looked at him with astonishment, and a feeling of fear of that strong, brave but unkind brother crept coldly over her heart. He took what he wanted and walked away to eat it.

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Then Peace slept with her head in her sister's lap, and the other two sate there unhappily enough. In about an hour they noticed that it began to grow dark; and looking up, saw a storm gathering above the crest of the mountain. As they watched it with alarm, Ardens approached and said roughly—

"If you don't want to be swept away by the storm you had better not waste your time here."

"What ails you Ardens?" cried his sister, "why do you speak and act so roughly?"

"I am not to account to you, for what I do," he answered, "and I won't be schooled like a child by you."

The girls' clear eyes grew very sad; and sadder when they saw his medal dull and leaden in color.

"Brother look at your medal!" she said, putting out her hand and taking hold of it.

"Let the medal alone, will you? and mind your own business," he said, and struck her hand aside.

But he struck away more than Fida's hand. His own caught in the slight ribbon about his neck and sent the medal flying across the road and into the rift opposite. He sprang after it, in time to see it sink slowly into the unctuous black mass at the bottom. Then all his loss rushed upon him at once, and his heart grew dead within him. His causeless wrath, his rude manners and his brutality stood clear

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before him. He seized the Mirror and gave one long look in it. Was that the bright glorified face that shone amid the golden mists on the mountain top? Black, ugly, distorted, with a wolf glare in the eyes, pale lips and wrinkled forehead. He threw the Mirror from him, and Fida caught it before it fell.

"Go," he shouted! "leave me to the storm; it is for me, and I am accursed. Away, lest it dash you into death with me! I have nothing more to do with you! Never shall I see your faces again; never touch the hand of little Peace; never, never reach the House of Gold."

He turned, and with a gesture of despair fled up the mountain to meet the coming storm. Little Peace was weeping bitterly. Then the mountain thunder crashed furiously above them; an eagle with a young lamb in his gripe screamed as it swooped close over them, flying low to avoid the storm; Lolo caught up the child, Fida the knapsack, and full of terror they fled, fast as they might, down the side of the mountain.

But the storm broke and spent its strength above them, and they got off with the fright. So sadly, silently and bereaved they entered the lodge at the foot of the mountain, and saw stretching away before them a blank and flowerless desert of yellow sand.

All that night, little Peace lay in restless fever,

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and moaned and cried in her sleep for Ardens. And when at last in the grey of the morning she grew quiet, it was too late for the others to take any rest. And so when the child awaked and seemed somewhat better, the others wearied and hollow-eyed with watching prepared to start. The Mirror shewed them merely a darker line running, straight and apparently interminable, across the sands. Mournful indeed were the voices of the poor children as they uttered their prayer that morning.

Father! lend a gracious ear!
Dark the forest shadows blend,
Steep the peaks their crests uprear,
Wide the desert sands extend.
Guard us to our destined seat,
Nerve and guide our pilgrim feet.

"Oh, little Peace, you are very light this morning!" said Lolo as he took her up.

The child put her arms round his neck and nestled her face close down beside his, but she made no answer, and so guided only by the sun towards whose rising the Mirror directed, they left the last patch of vegetation, and walked forth into the desert. At first the sand lay close and hard and they made good progress; but as the sun rose higher in the Heavens, it became loose and their

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feet sank in it, and they were very weary. Often they sate down to rest, and as often rose and moved painfully on. The boy still keeping his burden in his arms and chatting to her pleasantly, and she raising her hand to caress his cheek occasionally or her face to give him a smile.

But when it lacked about an hour to noon this ceased, and Lolo supposing her asleep had not spoken for some time, but plodded patiently on, with Fida following steadily. Then as the girl looked up, she uttered a cry of pain.

"Oh! look at little Peace!"

The child's head had turned upon her brother's shoulder, and the little face, pale as snow, was exposed. The sweet eyes were closed, and the features looked sharpened.

"Lolo, our little Sister is dying!"

They laid her gently down upon the sand and knelt beside her. The long march, the terrors of the forest, the fatigue of the mountain had been too much for the slight, delicate frame, and the loss of Ardens had broken her little heart. There she lay scarcely breathing now, the pale lips apart and dry; the eye half closed, a low moan struggling now and then from the laboring chest. Her cold, small hands were crossed upon her bosom.

Then a sweet, gentle light spread round them,

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and they saw great clusters of roses and lilies and violets about them almost at the head of the child, and over these hung gauzy clouds like a curtain dropped from the arch of Heaven, and through its filmy azure beamed soft and silver light. And the curtain parted, and they saw a path, gentle and winding leading up a hill. And the hill was a mass of cool, green woods and flowers of unearthly hue and richest fragrance, and clear bright fountains fell from mossy rocks, and the drops sparkled like stars.

And on the summit of the hill, stood a glorious Palace of stateliest architecture, covered with delicate and marvellous sculpture and all of beaten gold. And at its doors and in its courts and on the pathway thither thronged white robed, white winged beings of singular, pure loveliness to look upon. And bursts of choral music, of unimaginable melody made the air tremble with delight and died away softly as into distance, and rose and fell and died away again.

Then the great portals opened, and there came forth, down the broad, burnished steps and down the blossoming hill a Child. A crown of blood red roses was on His brow, roses were in His hands and on His tender feet. And His beauty was ineffable, and His eyes were full of the deep rapture of calm perpetual joy. And as He moved, the white

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winged Angels knelt and gazed upon Him with perfect love. And he came to the children, and in a voice so sweet that it thrilled their hearts, He said,

"Come, little Peace!"

And Peace was aroused; her face grew lovelier than ever any one had seen it as she fixed her large violet eyes upon the Child. But Fida and her brother burst into a passion of tears.

"Leave us not, little Peace!" they said, "stay with us yet a while. Leave us not desolate in the drear, drear desert!"

But she put up her arms and drew their faces down to hers and kissed them, murmuring, "Good bye! good bye!" Then she rose and said gently, "I will go with the beautiful Child." And so she placed her little hand in His, and they went up the pathway of the blossoming hill, and then entered the portals of the House of Gold, and the doors were shut. Then the mist shrouded Palace and hill, and the hot sun of noonday dissipated the mist, and there was no Palace, no hill, no beautiful rose marked Child, no little Peace upon the earth. But there were only two children, with broken hearts, kneeling lone upon the sands of the drear, drear desert.

An hour and then another passed away, and the first bitterness of their weeping was over, but they

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felt crushed and hopeless, and soon a severe thirst made itself felt, and they had nothing to quench it.

"Rouse up, Lolo! what are we to do?"

The boy looked at his sister with lustreless eye, and answered,

"We are to perish here now, I suppose. Ardens is lost, and Peace is gone; I cannot do anything now."

"We shall die of thirst if we stay here," said the girl.

"Yes, I suppose so!" he answered listlessly, "and see, our medals are getting dull; we shall never reach the Golden House."

Then they threw themselves upon the sand, and abandoned themselves again to grief. But a gentle voice aroused them. They looked up and saw a Lady, with a radiant presence and a sweet motherly smile.

"What do ye here, my children?"

They told her of all their pilgrimage, and how they had been deprived first of their brother who was their strength and courage, and then of their little sister who was their consolation.

"Nay," said the Lady, "do not rob me of my titles. That is a name which my subjects have given to me. I am called Consoler of the Afflicted."

Fida looked earnestly in her face and said: "Yes,

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I believe that you can help us." Then she threw herself upon her knees, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes continued, "Oh, Lady, do help us; we are poor, friendless young children; we have lost all that we had on earth, our Ardens and our Peace. Now we have no hope but in you."

The boy said nothing, but he knelt down beside his sister and kissed the hem of the Lady's azure robe.

"Where were you going?" asked the gentle voice.

"To seek the beautiful House of Gold, which stands on the mountain of God."

"And where has your little sister gone? Would you have her here to share in your sufferings and to have all the broad desert still to cross. Was she not worn out and ill, and full of pain? And are you sorry because she has got home before you?"

They had not thought of it in this way, and hung their heads. Then the Lady laid her fair hands upon them, and from the soft, white fingers there seemed to pour energy and consolation and strength. The weariness left their hearts, the lassitude their limbs. They sprang up refreshed, and as they did so, saw that their medals sparkled bright again.

"Come, Lolo; come!" said Fida, "on, away from the setting sun; that is our course. It is warm now, and a night's sleep on the sands wont hurt us."

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"Do you not look at your Mirror?" asked the Lady. They did so, and saw therein the strait dark line across the yellow plain, and on it, at no very great distance, a cluster of trees shading a spot of brilliant green, and, sparkling in the midst of the verdure, a silver fountain.

"Is the way long, from thence?" Lolo asked timidly.

"For those who guide themselves, it is long and perilous; but you have your Mirror, do not forget to consult it."

"And Ardens! shall he reach the Golden House at last?"

A smile of tender beauty illumined the Lady's face, and from her lips fell the one sweet word,

"Hope!"

Then as they looked the azure mantle seemed to infold her, and to grow paler in its tints and so to mix imperceptibly with the air, and they were alone. Then with good will and earnest purpose the children set their faces toward the Orient.

Let us go back to Ardens. He had rushed upward toward the storm; not far however, for the way was steep and the descending clouds met him. At first he took a wild pleasure in battling against the wind, but soon the crashing thunder and the glare

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of the levin dizieed and dazzled him, and the rain torrents, mingled with sharp sleet and hail as ever in mountain showers, drenched and chilled him. His fury passed, and a feeling of horror and desolation took possession of him. He returned to the rift into which his angry hand had dashed his medal, and there he threw himself down upon the hard rock and gave way to passionate regrets. Then Pride would suggest excuses, and he would spring up and pace back and forward, arguing the matter until grief got the better of him, when he would throw himself upon his face again despairingly. And so the day and the long night passed, until nature was exhausted, and he slept.

When he awoke, the shepherd was standing at his feet, leaning upon his staff and looking at him. The old man's face was very grave and sad.

"I came," he said, "to search for lost lambs, as is my custom after storms like yesterday's. But I did not expect to find your here, and thus. Where are your sisters and your brother?"

Ardens could only murmur hoarsely that they had gone on their way.

"And why are you here? and thus?"

The boy looked at him for a moment earnestly; then a better feeling than he had yet had passed

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into his mind, and throwing himself at the old man's feet, he said, with sobs,

"Oh hear me, sir, and I will tell you all!"

The good old man sate down and took in his own the hands of the kneeling Ardens, and listened patiently as the boy poured forth his confession. He described his errors in the forest, how he had been sorry for them, but in an impulsive sort of way which left no memory of them. Then how he had turned all his well doing on the day before into an occasion of pride; how his pride had been nursed into fury, until his own hand had flung away his medal; "and now," he said, with a burst of passionate grief, "now it is all over, I shall never see them again. I shall never reach the Golden House!"

But the old man spoke tenderly to him, and told him that however bad one's faults may have been that despair was a worse one than any. That hearty sorrow for the past and a firm purpose for the future would set his heart right again.

"And now," he continued, "go thou, my son, cautiously, and warily down the sides of the rift, and pull up for me from the miry pool, the tallest reed. Ardens obeyed, though with great difficulty, for his hold upon the rocks was very precarious, and the first pull he gave to the reed, its sharp flint-edged

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leaves cut his hand to the bone. But he persevered until it gave way, and then he brought it, and kneeling down offered it to the shepherd.

But he said with great gentleness, "Look at the roots, my son!"

Ardens looked, and there twisted round the roots was the soiled ribbon still holding the medal. It was perfectly black, even after the mire had been cleaned off, and as he held it in his hands he began to weep. Lo! the first tear that fell upon the medal as he rubbed it off, took the stain with it. Then he wept half for joy, and rained his tears upon the silver plate until it shone again, not with the diamond splendor it possessed upon the mountain top, but with a subdued but still clear lustre.

"See, sir," he said, "it is bright again!"

The old man laid his hand upon his head and blest him. He strung his medal upon a new ribbon, not a white one as before but a purple one for memory and mourning, he gave him his own scrip with a store of food, and said, "Go now, my child, and overtake the others, but sin no more, lest a worse thing happen thee."

Then Ardens kissed the old man's hand, and with renewed courage and hope, but grave withal, he descended the mountain at a rapid pace.

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Fida and her brother had reached the oasis before nightfall, and there they slept. And in the morning they saw that ripe dates hung clustering from the palm tree, and they resolved to rest there all the day, and to start at nightfall and travel by the cool light of stars.

And as they began to make their preparations for starting they saw a figure rapidly advancing towards them. Nearer and nearer he came, until they recognized him and ran and fell upon his neck and kissed him. Humbly he begged their pardon, but they would hear nothing of that, but loaded him with caresses and led him to the green shadow of the palms.

As he rested there for half-an-hour they told him of little Peace, but he only murmured, "It is just, I did not deserve the sight."

Fida wondered that he neither wept nor expressed any regret for little Peace, and he seemed to divine her thought, for he said, "That his only feeling for Peace was one of loving joy; that his sorrow was for himself; that he had been unworthy to share that glorious vision with them."

Then they noticed how much changed he was. That it was no longer the same Ardens; he looked strong and well, but the rich color had gone from his cheek, and his face was thin and grave. They

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knew then that he was a man now, for he had passed through a great personal sorrow. So they tacitly acquiesced, as he bound all the burdens upon his own shoulders, and just as the sun set, they said their prayer and started.

It was a very hard walk, for they sank in the sand at every step; the water they had brought with them was soon exhausted, and they suffered from burning thirst; their eyes were dry and feverish, and the fine drifting dust inflamed them painfully. The younger ones complained a little, but Ardens never murmured, and indeed only opened his lips to utter some words of grave, kind encouragement.

So they toiled on till midnight, and then they heard the rushing sound of water, and a few steps brought them to the banks of a swift, dark rolling stream. They held up their Mirror to the starlight and saw that the road lay directly through the turbulent, gloomy water, and that the other shore was veiled in clouds.

Ardens stood on the bank with a strange look in his dark eyes; and Lolo shuddered and shrunk from the shore, but Fida said,

"Come brothers, we shall pass in safety for the road is there."

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"You may go safely," murmured Ardens, "and you too, Lolo, if you will take courage."

"We will all go together," said the girl.

Then Ardens threw down his burdens, and taking a firm clasp of each others hands the three children entered the cold, dark flood. It eddied swift and strong around them and chilled them to the heart, but they clung firmly to each other, and went on. And when they had passed nearly over, the clouds that veiled the shore broke away, and revealed a land of surpassing beauty such as their eye had never seen.

Broad meadow lands enammelled with rich flowers, green slopes and knolls crowned with tall shadowy-tufted palms or drooping larches, cool woods that stretched away in green arcades, and leaping rills and fountains, and tall, majestic mountains purple with perpetual bloom, and glad with golden splendor far lovelier than the sun's.

And on the mountain stood the House of Gold.

Then they saw an Angel on the bank of the river who stood waiting it seemed to help them. And when they reached the bank Ardens stretched up his hand, but the Angel did not touch it, but beckoned to Lolo and said,

"Thou first, my brother."

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Ardens drew back and muttered, "That, too, is just."

Then the Angel drew Lolo up the bank, and so soon as his foot touched the herbage, he grew beautiful as the Angel; and the Angel said,

"Help thou the others! It is by thee, Humility, that they must enter this kingdom."

Then the boy turned his radiant face to them and drew them up, and they walked up the mountain path, and on the terrace of that House of Gold stood the beautiful Child. Blood red roses were on His forehead, roses were on His hands, roses on His tender feet, and little Peace sate at His feet. Then as they walked, the Angels guiding them began a song, and others took it up, and the whole land rung with unutterable harmony, as the pilgrims entered home.

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THE SAGA OF VIKING TORQUIL.

Ye who love old legends, hearken!—
Where the snow-clouds thickest darken,
Where the tumbling, foaming seas
Thresh the rugged Hebrides,
Where the dank mist chillest gathers,
Lived my fierce old Norseland fathers.
And their children keep those tracts,
Living there mid rock and heather,
Lulled by howl of stormy weather
And the roar of cataracts.
Listen to a legend brief
Of one island-ruling chief.

Ruthless he in fray or duel,
Curbless in his angry mood,
Ne'er was gaunt werewolf so cruel,
Never hawk so crazed for blood.
Pillager of town and city,
Sacker without fear or pity,
Headstrong talker, vengeance-seeker,
Hatred-nurser, vengeance-wreaker,
Quick offended, prompt in striking,
Dreadest pirate, roughest horseman,

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Was that grim, old stormy viking
Torquil, Leod's son, the Norseman.

For his lust of cruel glory
Still he lives in Lowland story;
Lowland nurses ne'er forget him,
Telling, when the Southron met him,
How he stormed throughout the foray.
Recked not how the foes environ,
But through thrilling din and brattle,
Ever where the need was sorest,
With his ponderous mace of iron
Swung he crashing through the battle,
Like tornadoes through a forest.

Wo to ships that ventured nigh
His rude lair in misty Skye;
Were they heathen cursing high,
Were they monks who sang their Kyrie,
Swift on Christian, swift on Pagan,
Swooped he down from grey Dunveggan
Like an eagle from his eyrie.

Yet one trait could claim exemption
From the iron of his nature,
Though so ruthless, grim a creature,
And as jungle-panther wild,
He had this point of redemption:
Never had he harmed a child.

When his fiercest mood was o'er him,
Place a little one before him,
He would stoop to smoothe its tresses;

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Never had it failed to calm him
With its smile, nor to embalm him
Into peace with its caresses.

Even in fighting, it was curious
When the conflict was most furious,
When a hundred blows were hailing
On his casque and on his shield,
Though to him all fear was stranger,
He would shrink from those assailing
Would give back, nay, almost yield,
But to save a child from danger.

So then, when the Valkyr called him
With their weird and triple wail,
Think you that the sound appalled him,
That his cheek grew pale?
No; he dashed his robe away,
Shouted for his mace and mail,
And went out to die in fray.

On Clanorgun's heath, a hundred
Steel-clad Southron round him closed,
Once again his broadsword sundered
Helm and targe to him opposed.
Once again his angry frown
Overawed the Celtic clamor,
And his mighty mace came down
Like Thor's dreadful thunder-hammer.
Heaviest fell it on the greatest,
And for hours he swung it light
As a birch-wand, for the fight
Was his keenest and his latest.

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Hot they pressed him; all attacks
Sought him only; on his shattered
Armor, mace and glaive and axe
Hacked and pierced and clove and battered.
Blow on blow came thickly pealing,
Till he reeled, but struck while reeling,
And the purple gore ran pronewards
Till his armor grew all ruddy,
And the foe pressed on and onwards,
And his casque yawned wide and bloody
Where the trenchant steel had bitten,
And he tottered, and crashed downwards
Like a great oak thunder-smitten.

Then the victors, and the flying,
Borne upon the battle's tide,
Surged off to another quarter,
Leaving Torquil, crushed and dying,
Murmuring, "Ah, ere yet I died
Would I had one draught of water."

Then small fingers, soft and tender,
Drew aside the matted hair,
Wiped the red clots from his eyes;
And a mild and starry splendor,
Like the light in Eastern skies,
Shewed the Infant JESUS there.
Beaming from His Mother's bosom,
That sweet throne of His repose,
Christ the pure and perfect blossom
Of God's pure and perfect Rose,
Mother of divinest Grace
Who no need of ours denies,

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And the sinning Norman's gaze
Fixed upon the sinless eyes.
On the rough old sea-wolf smiled
The divine, eternal Child.

"Torquil! Fierce and wild and gory
Have thy days been: little good
Sheds a lustre on thy story
Which is written out in blood;
Damning, hopeless and bewildering
Were the sins against thee shown,
But the Angels of young children
Pleaded for thee at the Throne.
For thy grace and shrift they sought,
Now I speak that grace to thee,
What for children thou hast wrought
Thou hast wrought for Me.
And thy God withholds His curses,
And however men esteem thee,
I—for those thy tender mercies—
Do baptize thee and redeem thee!"

O'er the Viking's fevered brow
Poured the cool and limpid flow,
And his soul once foul with slaughter,
And with guilt and crime o'erladen,
Knew that it was living water
From the very wells of Eden.

When the clansmen came again,
Seeking round amid the slain
For their grim and wild old Norseman,

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Where the dead lay thickest piled
And the heath was torn and bloody,
Near a heap of slaughtered horsemen,
Found they Torquil's shattered body:
But his shriven soul slept and smiled
On the bosom of the Child.

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ISSACHAR BEN DAOUD.

Issachar Ben Daoud came out from his house in the Street of the Merchants, and walked slowly towards the Eastern Quarter of Jerusalem. The day was dark and lowering; the wind blew chill from the frosty summit of Mount Moriah and pierced through his dark robe, and tossed his reverend beard as he walked directly in the teeth of it. Issachar hurried along, for it was not good for a Hebrew to tarry in the streets of the city of his fathers; for the green flag of Mahomet floated over the towers, and the governor, Yuseff Ali, was the representative of the Caliph Omar.

Sometimes he would make way for a haughty Saracen, who would spit at him and call him "dog" as he passed; sometimes he would meet a Christian, who, if less haughty than the Moslem yet shrank from him as though there were contamination in the touch of his garments, or again it would be one of his own people who would press his hands to his bosom, and to the muttered salutation of Issachar,

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"the Peace of the God of Israel be with thee," would murmur the reply, "And on thee be peace."

Past all these however, the Israelite went on until he reached the quarter of the city which is called Bezetha, the "New City," and the gate which leads out upon the road to Bethphage and Bethany. Here erected against and overlooking the walls, was a strongly fortified house built by some great officer of the Emperor Heraclius in the year 630, and now, A.D. 638, inhabited by Yuseff Ali.

As Issachar approached the gate of the outer court of this house, a fierce sentinel who stood there touched him rudely with the butt of his spear, saying,

"Now, dog Jew! how darest thou approach so closely?"

The Hebrew expressed his desire to see the governor.

"Thou see the lord Yuseff!" shouted the soldier, "thou abomination!"

"But the lord governor hath sent for me, and required me to be here at this hour," said Issachar humbly.

"Then why camest thou not sooner, thou scum of Eblis," asked the inconsistent warrior. "Ho, Mustapha, conduct this child of Satan to my lord;

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and hark ye, send me a pitcher of sherbet that I may wash my lips from the pollution of having spoken to him."

To such and far worse outrages the Hebrews of Jerusalem were constantly subjected. All their holy places were defiled, or possessed by others, their name had become a bye-word and a scoff, themselves the mark for the insolence of the Mahomedan rabble, for extortion and oppression by the chiefs. So it was with a quaking heart that Issachar Ben Daoud followed the servant into the presence of Yuseff. He knew that the visit could bring no good to him, for a Hebrew was never thus summoned, unless he happened to be a physician, but for his own misfortune.

Yuseff sat upon a richly cushioned divan, playing with the jewelled hilt of one of those precious sabres for which Damascus was even then famous. Behind him stood two tall and powerful Ethiopian mutes. On a small stand before him were a jar of sherbet and some grapes and dates in a basket of silver filigree. His full beard gave to the Saracen's well featured face, an effect of noble gravity, and his appearance was pleasant and even inviting until the cold black depth of his eye was noticed or felt. Lowly bowed Issachar, raising his hands to his forehead and uttering the oriental *Salaam*, and he

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remained with his head bent until it pleased Yuseff to break the silence.

"So, Hebrew, thou hast obeyed my summons. So far, so well! I trust to find thee as punctual in all things. Dost thou know why I have sent for thee?"

"No, my lord," said Issachar, "nor have I striven to guess, I hurried hither at once in obedience."

"Humph! doubtless a most loyal and ready servant, and one deserving of confidence. Thou shalt have it. Know then, O Issachar, son of David, that the Pasha of Damascus hath received a letter from the commander of the Faithful, whom may Allah long preserve, demanding a million of gold modurs. Thou openest thine eyes, O Israelite."

"Truly, my lord, the gold is much."

"Not so much," continued Yuseff with a benignant smile, "when fitly apportioned. This ancient city of thy people, upon whose beards be defilement! is, as thou knowest, in the Pashalik of Damascus, and to my share hath fallen the duty of collecting one quarter of the sum. Now thou knowest that the wealthy Christians have fled; and that there remains only the Beni-Ibrahim to enjoy the honor of contributing to the wants of the Caliph. So I have selected you ——."

"Me!" groaned out Issachar, clasping his hands!

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"Me to pay two hundred and fifty thousand modurs! As well, O Governor, ask me for the signet ring of Solomon."

"Patience, good Issachar. Four of thy brethren shall share the burden."

"If there were fifty, merciful Yuseff, it were the same. Gold have I none, save what little supplies the wants of my household."

"What, thou hast no gold! Art thou not Cohen of the Synagogue?"

"Yes, effendi, but it bringeth no emolument. It is an office which goes from father to son in thy servant's poor family."

"And thou hast no treasure," continued the pitiless Governor, fixing his cold black eye upon the Jew. "What keepest thou in the box of acaccia wood hooped round and ringed with fine gold!"

A shudder passed over the frame of the Israelite; his face grew deadly pale and he trembled.

"I am well informed, am I not?" said Yuseff. "Indeed I could tell thee yet more. Three times a day dost thou visit thy treasure, and on thy Sabbath dost spend nearly all the day locked up with it. Thou must unlock the precious casket for me, Issachar.

"I swear to thee, my lord," answered the pallid and quaking Hebrew, "that there is naught therein

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precious in thy sight. I am poor, good Governor, I have no treasures; have mercy and tell me that I am free."

"Thou art free to go thy ways now," was the cold answer. "But if thou bring me not thy quota before the noon to-morrow, thy casket will be here by nightfall, and then I take all. And now begone and thank thy fate that I have spared thy head."

Crushed to the earth, broken in spirit and half distracted, Issachar Ben Daoud went out from the presence of the governor. As he passed along the streets, everything reminded him of the degradation of his race: everywhere were the marks of the spoiler Ismaelite. He stopped at a deserted fountain to get a draught of water. It had been placed by the Christians under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, and her mutilated statue still stood upon the summit of the central pillar.

"And thou, too," said the Jew, not without respect, "thou too wert an Hebrew maiden and a daughter of David. But the hand of the spoiler hath laid thy sceptre in the dust, and the Prophet, thy Son, hath not sheltered thine image."

Then he continued on homewards; and when he entered his house he put aside with a motion of his hand those who would have addressed him, and rending his robe, he sprinkled ashes on his head

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and sate down upon the ground in the small court-yard of his house.

He had kept his melancholy position for perhaps half-an-hour when he was aroused by the touch of gentle hands upon his neck, and a young girl bending over pressed her lips upon his forehead.

"What aileth my father that he sits thus in desolation?" asked the young girl.

The old man bent his head still lower and murmured, "Ichabod! my glory has departed."

She sate down beside him saying, simply, "We will lament together," and taking his hand in her's she began to speak in a low sweet voice. She recalled, as if sorrowing for their loss, the ancient glories of Israel, made more illustrious by the hope of Messiah; she spoke of the captivity when their fathers sate weeping by the waters of Babylon, and used the sad, beautiful words of the poet Jeremias; but she spoke also of the comfort in the hope of Messias. And then she recalled the rebuilding of the temple and the promise of the seventy weeks; and then she exulted in the prowess of the Asmoneans, that last flicker of the lamp of Judah's glory, and murmured the prophecies of the later Prophets, foretelling the new and everlasting Oblation.

"Behold," she said, "my father, the seventy

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weeks are passed and where is Messias? When will He come?"

The old man only sighed.

"Perhaps," she continued, "He hath come. The sceptre and the lawgiver have departed from Judah. Is not Shiloh already here?"

He raised his eyes and looked fixedly at her. And there was a strange light of exultation in her face, for one who was mourning over the griefs of Zion.

"Listen to me, Miriam," he said. "Thou knowest how powerful and wealthy we once were. Of the tribe of the poet king himself, and holding possessions worthy of our ancestry and rank, and now thou knowest, my daughter, that I have but the Ark and thee. Spoiled by Roman and Galilean and Saracen of riches and of place; robbed by death of thy mother and of my only son, the Ark and thou alone are left. Left for how long?" Then he told her of Yuseff's summons, of their interview and its results; and then he beat his breast and muttered, "God of my father, why have I seen this day!"

"But hast thou no treasure in this Ark, my father?"

He looked at her in momentary surprise; but then said,

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"Ah, it is true. I forgot that thou had'st never been told. Thou knowest, Miriam, that the Ark of the Covenant which contained the tables of the Law, and Aaron's rod that budded, and an Omer of that Manna wherewith Adonai fed our fathers, was lost at the Captivity. The Chaldeans carried it off with the plunder of the Temple; nor was it seen any more among us. Then was this Ark of mine made, from accacia wood like the former, in the same shape, and in it was placed a transcript of the Law written by the hands of the Prophet Esdras himself. It was intended for the new temple but was not used. Yet hath it ever the veneration of Israel as a memorial and type of the Ark of the Covenant; by that venerable name it is known, and it is our most precious and our only relic of the times that have passed. It is to thy father's honor that its keeping is by right attached. Oh, yes, it is a treasure richer than Tarshish, more precious than the secret of the Tyrian dye. It is hallowed by the love and memories of our fathers. It is the symbol of Jehovah's presence as still with us, and, Oh Miriam, it is stained with the blood of thy brother Simeon, for he died in saving it, at the taking of the city. If my blood could save it, joyfully would I shed it, for that Ark is the treasure of my soul."

Again the exultant flush passed over the beauti-

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ful face of the Hebrew girl, and her lips parted as if to speak; but she repressed the thoughts that rose within her, and applied herself to cheer her father. She persuaded him to rise and take some food, and whispered that he might find help among their brethren.

So when the aged Issachar had eaten and drunk, he was refreshed, and taking courage he said,

"Yes, Miriam, I will go forth. Peradventure there may be wealth enough yet among our people, and they will not see the Ark in danger of pollution from the hands of the heathen."

So Issachar blessed his daughter, and took his staff and went forth. And Miriam went to her own chamber and drew the bolt across the door, and going to a small table, she unlocked and opened a small box that lay thereon. When the lid was set open it shewed the sweet face of a Woman, glorified by an air almost of divinity, and crowned with stars. And from the box Miriam drew forth a carved wooden Crucifix and a string of palm wood beads, and kneeling down, she prayed, and at the end of every decade she said,

"Oh, Ark of the Covenant, obtain for me the soul of my father!"

For Miriam was a Christian. In the taking of the city by the troops of Omer, a Convent of Basi-

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lian nuns was set on fire, and its unfortunate inmates killed or hunted through the streets. Three of them had found refuge with the benevolent old Israelite. Two of them had afterwards safely escaped from the city; but the third, being in ill-health, had lingered with her protectress, and in the house of Issachar she died. The Jew, whose disposition was gentle and kind, had even permitted a priest to visit the dying woman with the last consolations of religion, and he had baptized Miriam, long since converted and instructed by her grateful friend. Of this, of course, Issachar, was still ignorant.

Late in the night, wearied and disappointed, the old man returned to his house. Yuseff had but too certain information as to where the wealth lay among the Hebrews; and those from whom Issachar hoped for help, were precisely the persons chosen by the Governor to pillage. Some were unable to meet the demand and were in despair; those who were rich enough to pay the exaction of the Turk, could or would do no more. Issachar had represented his complete distress and the peril of the Ark in vain. His distress they could only remedy by assuming it; and they had not the feeling for his treasure that he, its hereditary guardian, had.

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So the poor old man passed the night in vigil and prayer, and renewed his attempts in the morning.

But the morning passed away, the noonday came, and Issachar Ben Daoud, penniless and wretched, returned to his house to wait there for what might arrive.

An hour before sunset he was aroused by a terrific servant, who informed him that a guard of Saracen soldiers was at the gate. He rose with a shudder, and went humbly to meet them. They had obtained entrance at the same moment, and he met them in the little enclosed courtyard.

"Ah, my lord," he said, as he recognised Yuseff, "what an honor for my poor house."

"Yes, is it not?" was the cold reply. "Lead the way in, Jew."

Poor Issachar trembled and obeyed, They went into the chief room of the house, and Yuseff seated himself upon the divan, after one of his attendants had spread a rich robe over it. The soldiers guarded the doors. The Hebrew stood bowed before him.

"Well, is the money ready?" asked the Governor, and the Hebrew fell upon his knees.

"Mercy!" he said, my lord. "I have begged of all my people with prayers and tears, and I could

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borrow nothing, and I have nothing beyond daily bread."

"Spare thyself, and above all, spare me these old excuses. I know thy tribe, and may not be deceived. Produce the money or take the consequences."

"I swear to thee, my lord," cried Issachar, "by the God of my fathers, that I speak but the truth. Though thou should'st kill me, I have nothing."

Yuseff made a sign to his soldiers, and all but one at each door way left the room. In a few moments the crashing of wood was heard; then came a shriek. The Jew sprang to the inner door, but was confronted by a naked sabre, and fell back. Then two soldiers came in, one bearing in his hands the beloved and precious Ark of the Covenant, as Issachar loved to call it. It was a very small but perfect model of that made long ago, by the Divine command.

Issachar sprang towards it, and spread his arms over it embracingly.

"So, we have found thy treasure," said the Governor. "Open that coffer at once."

The Jew tore his thin hair and venerable beard. "Kill me," he said, "but touch not this. It is a holy thing."

"Open it, I bid thee," repeated Yuseff, "or my

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soldiers shall find a rough key," and as he spoke, a tall Saracen, with a vast mace in his hand, drew near.

Again the Jew threw himself upon his knees, but Yuseff merely signed to the soldier, who advanced a step. At that moment two others entered the apartment with Miriam.

"Another treasure we have found, O Yuseff!" cried one. "One that will grace thy harem."

Issachar became transfigured with rage. He forgot his old age, his humility, his habitude of sufferance. At a bound he reached his daughter's side, and with the strength of anger he caught and whirled one of the soldiers across the room. But before the hopelessness of his position his anger fell. What could he do against so many.

"Thou hast another treasure to ransom, or to bestow upon the Faithful," said the cold voice of the Mahomedan.

The old man stood in mute despair. Slowly he turned his dulled eyes from the Ark to his daughter, from her to the Ark again. So absolute and perfect was his distress that it moved even the stony Governor.

"Hark ye," he said, "Thou shall not call me pitiless. I know thee and I know thy race: grasping, avaricious, loving gold only less than life, more

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than exemption from torments. I know thee rich, and tax thee no more than thou deservest. Now mark. In pure pity and commiseration I extend the time to make up thy mind to part with thy cherished gold, until to-morrow; and if then thou art not ready, I swear by the beard of the Prophet, that I will take all thy treasure, and will place thy child in my harem. Thou knowest that I keep my word!"

Rising from the divan, and beckoning his attendants, the Moslem with a warning glance at his victims retired. Issachar sank down beside his beloved Ark, crushed almost into annihilation.

His daughter drew near him, and asked if there were indeed no help to be had from his brethren.

"No, Miriam," he groaned, "there is no help in man; and God hath hidden His face, and His ear is not open to my cry."

Miriam's face flushed, and her eyes filled with light as she said, "Nay, my father, thou knowest not the depth of His loving pity: with Him is plenteous redemption. Oh, my Father, my soul even now is full of consolation and confidence and hope."

"Thine, Miriam? whence dost thou draw it?"

"From Him, my father, from the Promised,

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from the Hope of Israel. From Him whom our fathers slew and hung upon the Cross."

The old man started and stared at her in amazement; but she continued fervently,

"Yes, my hope is in Jesus of Nazareth; last king of David's royal line and God incarnate in the flesh. Turn unto Him, father, and through His blessed Mother He will save us."

"The maiden is mad and blasphemeth," said the old man distractedly.

"No, father, I am not mad. Turn to that Hebrew maiden, to Mary now crowned and throned in Heaven," and as she spoke she kneeled down before him, and would have taken his hands, but he repulsed her.

"Be not angry," she continued, but hear me. "Thou hast set thine heart for years on yonder wooden box, on yonder copy of the law, because it is a model of that which was in the Temple. But what was even that, when safe in the Holy of Holies, compared to Mary. It held the tables of the law, but Mary's bosom the Master of the law; it kept the Manna, whereof our fathers ate and died, but Mary's bosom held the life-giving Bread which giveth life eternal; that kept the blossoming rod of Aaron, but Mary bore the rod of Jesse, the Christ, the Saviour."

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He looked at her with horror.

"So then," he said, hoarsely, "you are ——."

"A Christian? yes, my father, and have a Christian's hope, a Christian's confidence."

He signed to her to leave him; but she drew closer to his knees.

"Away," he said. "It lacked but this; an apostate daughter. Now, I am alone. Away! let me die!"

"Do not call me Apostate," she said, "my creed is not the destruction but the fulfillment of thine; it is the substance whereof our fathers had the shadow. Think of that, thou, my pious learned father, recall the prophecies of Esaias and the others, thou wilt see that the Virgin born Jesus of Nazareth is indeed 'He that should come.'"

"Leave me, I command thee!"

"I go, my father; but for love's sake think of these things. I will go pray for thee."

She left the apartment, and the old man bowed his face down in his hands and sate there motionless.

And the day rolled on its course and passed away. The night came on and deepened into midnight, but Issachar Ben Daoud still sate there motionless with his face in his hands.

Hour followed hour until the chill of the atmosphere heralded the approaching dawn. Then at

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that hour of deepest darkness he felt a touch upon his shoulder and the low voice of Miriam.

"Arise, my father, and let us fly."

He was so stunned and bewildered with grief that he obeyed her like a child. She led him to the door, but when the wind blew in upon him as it was opened he started from her.

"The Ark, Miriam, the Ark of the Covenant!"

She ran and brought his treasure to him; he clasped it in his arms, and then taking hold of the sleeve of his robe she led him swiftly away. Across a third of the city; making detours to shun the sentries at the various posts; whispering fear or encouragement whenever his pace lagged, until they began to mount a rather steep and roughly paved narrow street. Tall houses hemmed it in upon both sides, and the cold wind from the hills swept down it in their faces.

"I am weary, Miriam," he said, "weary and the way is hard."

"It is the 'Street of Sorrows,' my father. It is the way *He* walked in bearing his Cross."

The old man shuddered.

"Every stone in this rough way," continued Miriam, "was wet with His precious Blood. For He was torn with scourges, and pierced with the

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thorns of His crown. And all for us, my father, ——."

She stopped suddenly, and holding him firmly by the arm, bent her ear towards the earth to listen.

"We are pursued," she cried, "quick, quick father, or the Moslem will overtake us."

At her voice he started and ran, but the noise increased behind them, the ringing of horse hoofs and the metalic sound of arms. Miriam had been praying earnestly, although in silence, ever since they started from their home; and now with redoubled fervor she urged her petitions. But the sound drew nearer, and as it rang clearly upon his ears, Issachar Ben Daoud stopped.

"I can go no further," he said, breathlessly. "Let me die here. Save thyself, Miriam, and save the Ark. There is no help."

"Yes, there is help," she said, "help in our God! Pray to Him, father, call upon Him whose sacred feet were worn on this hard way, and call upon His Mother."

He paused a moment, and then his child's warm prayers were answered. A flood of grace broke in upon his soul, and he fell upon his knees.

"Jesus of Nazareth! I confess thee and adore thee. Take me and have pity on my child, O Thou pure Hebrew maiden! Mary, True Ark of the

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Covenant save us by thy powerful prayers, and I vow to thy service all that I have, my child and this Ark of the Law so long my only treasure except her."

Nearer came the clang of the pursuers; and with renewed effort Issachar sprang up, and with his daughter's arm in his, ran forward. But in a moment he fell again exhausted. As he touched the hard stones with his knees however, he heard the voice of Miriam.

"Give thanks to our Lord and Mary, O my father, for we are saved!"

And as he turned to look where she pointed, he saw a door in one of the houses opened, and a man whom he recognized by his garb as a Christian ecclesiastic. One more effort and he reached the door and saw it closed behind him, but as he sank exhausted upon the floor, he heard the clatter and clash of iron shod hoofs and of armor as the troop swept fiercely past the house in pursuit of them. Then with streaming eyes and folded hands he rose to his knees and poured out his thanks to Mary, the Ark of the Covenant.

The old man kept his word: he gave both his treasures to our Lady. Miriam found a calm,

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holy home among the Basilian nuns; and the precious Manuscript of the Law, carefully kept in its little Ark was shewn to the curious and devout, in the Sinaite convent where Issachar Ben Daoud, or Brother Andreas, had ended his mortal life

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THE SCHOLAR'S SEARCH.

"WHAT is wisdom?" asked the Scholar,
"What its nature? Where its source?
Whence derived this mighty force
Of our yearning to attain it?"

Weary days and silent midnights
Saw his piercing eye explore
All the wealth of written lore,
Saved from the decay of ages.

And he dug the fields of science,
Seized, rejected theories;
And for all his toil at these,
Gained—and lost self-satisfaction.

Up amid the circling planets
Soared his spirit, groping blind
Mid their glories, and his mind
Fell, unsatisfied, from starland.

Sought the unrevealing ocean,
Strove to fathom that immense;
Guessing, pondering till the sense
Perished in those lone abysses.

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Mined into the very centre
Of the immemorial earth,
Calculated, weighed the worth
Of the geologic strata.

Then combined all, then denied all:
Searched all sources 'neath the sun
And, his painful labor done,
Found himself no whit the nearer.

Near his cottage dwelt a sculptor,
A laborious tranquil man;
Whose whole course of being ran
In his still Art's stillest channel.

And it used to please the Scholar,
There to sit and while an hour,
And to watch the plastic power
Of the sculptor's nimble fingers.

'T 'was an image of St. Mary
With a look you may have seen,
Distant, upward and serene,
As if filled with thoughts unearthly.

Sweeping downward from the shoulder,
Folds of heavy drapery, thrown
In to masses, formed a throne
Of the curved arm and the bosom.

Here should sit the Infant Saviour,
With that look of joy sublime
Inward, and defying time
Which we see in Raphael's Sixto.

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Then the Scholar, smiling, careless,
Not irreverent, said, "And pray,
How are we to call this clay?
Is it Mater Dolorosa?

"Or Madonna della Croce?
How dost name the holy Maid?"
But the sculptor simply said,
"'Tis our Lady, Seat of Wisdom!"

O'er his brow there passed a shadow,
Through his heart a pang there shot.
"Many a source I've tried, but not
This one. Is this then the true one?"

Then from thought he passed to praying,
Learned his own strength to distrust;
And when humbled into dust,
Found what he so long had sought for.

He found light through blessed Mary,
And in *Sacred* Wisdom knew
God Himself, and that the true
Human Wisdom is God's service.

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THE REFORMER'S STORY.

It was towards the close of a warm day early in the Autumn of A.D. 1525, that a Cavalier with two attendants rode towards a small hotel in Niederburg, a village on the Frontier of Silesia. There was nothing inviting in the aspect of the rustic inn, and the traveller's look manifested his disgust.

"Is there no place but this to stop at, Ulric?" he asked, turning towards one of his attendants.

"None nearer than Laintz, my lord," answered the man, and that is five stout leagues away.

"Humph!" said the master, "five leagues; and the beasts are worn out and must have some repose. What is that upon the height there? Can we not find shelter there?"

"No, my lord; it is the Castle which was burned by Muenzer's folk. There is nothing standing but the four walls, and even the enclosure has been so long used for a cattle pen that we could not stop in it."

"In that case we must make the best of it. Try

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and find some food and clean litter for the horses. For ourselves we must take soldier's fare or perhaps make a fast day of it."

"There is no danger of starvation, Herr Ritter," answered Ulric. "These fellows live too near the forest for that."

As he spoke the host came slowly to the door as if in confirmation of the statement, for he was ruddy and plump. He took off his cap and bade the gentleman and his followers welcome.

"Can you lodge us and give us something to eat here, mine host?"

"Yes, yes, my good lord, if a trout from the brook, a bit of venison from the forest, and a cup of fair wine will serve; I have that much to set before you."

"Good; then we stop," and the Cavalier dismounted, and entered the common room of the inn.

A couple of stout oaken chairs and a rough table with benches formed the whole furniture. At the lower end of the table a man was seated, with his face concealed in his arms, and leaned upon the board as if asleep. He did not move, when the stranger entered, and the latter throwing himself into one of the chairs, paid but little attention to him.

Only he noticed his dress which was an odd

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mixture of three estates. Originally half student, half military, its wants, as time produced them, had been supplied from the rough garb of the Silesian peasants.

"Come, mine host," cried the Ritter, "bestir thyself; see that my knaves take good care of the horses, and do thou move briskly with thy promised supper, for I have ridden long and am famished."

The landlord bowed and left the room.

At the sound of the guest's voice, the man at the end of the table had started. He raised his head and fixed a pair of very dark, wearied-looking eyes upon the face of the speaker. His features were well formed but emaciated, and his face of a deadly pallor was made still more ghastly by the careless masses of black hair that hung around it and the black moustache that covered the upper lip.

His continued gaze at length attracted the attention of the stranger, who after returning the look for a moment said somewhat impatiently,

"Well, man, what art staring at? Art waiting to be spoken to first? thou lookest not unlike a ghost."

"I am waiting," was the reply in a hollow, deep voice, "to see how long Conrad of Landesauer will look before he recognizes Clement Am Rhyn."

"What, Clement! is it thou, my old comrade

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and friend. Thou art changed from thy Heidelberg days, as well as from thy campaigning time."

"Yes, if sorrow, misfortune, disappointment in the past and hopelessness for the present can change one, I am changed. You look happy enough!"

"Thank God and our Lady, yes," said the Ritter heartily; "but how have things gone so far wrong with thee. Speak out, man; I am thine oldest as I was thy dearest friend, and by St. Mary of Landesauer, if thou wantest help, I have the best right to offer it."

Am Rhyn sighed heavily as he answered,

"Help comes too late, Conrad; but if you care to hear my starless story, I will tell you when you have supped."

"Nay, but cheer up a bit," said the soldier. "Come, a flaggon of wine will put some heart in thee."

Am Rhyn shook his head. But the entrance of Landesauer's men prevented his speaking, and that gentleman began to ask him indifferent questions about the interests of the neighborhood.

The supper over, and the men dismissed, the two old friends drew their chairs together, and Conrad said cheerfully,

"Well, old companion what hast thou been

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doing, since we both left the thesis for the sword twelve years ago; twelve is it?"

"Yes, that is the time since our last meeting, for you, apparently one of joyous advancement into ripe manhood; for me, a path through gloom to despair."

"Nay, my good friend, look not so darkly on it. Talk away; it will do thee good—thou hast vapors on the brain. Thou should'st have gone with me as I bade thee to the Imperial Court."

"Ah, friend, you were rich and had an hereditary career before you. I almost poor and altogether without interest."

"So much the more reason for going with me; my interest was strong enough to carry double. But what have you been doing?"

"I will make my story as short as possible," said Am Rhyn, "for it is too gloomy to dwell on. You know that I was an orphan. My father I never saw; my mother, only long enough to remember her holding me before an altar whereon stood an image of the Virgin Mary and teaching me a few short prayers. When I knew you at Heidelberg I was the master of an old tumble down fortress on the Upper Rhine, and of a revenue enough to keep me from starvation.

"I will pass over the bright part of my life, for it

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had no joy or sorrow unshared by you. When we parted after the fight of Wurzfeldt, I determined to go back to my books. I thought the career of arms less likely to be a successful one, and so I put on the toga once more. In the book world, one heard of nothing but Brother Martin, his Reformation and his influence, so I determined to go to Wittenberg where he was city preacher and hear him.

"You can imagine the effect of such a man upon me; his learning, his wit, his reckless daring, the rough fascination of his private manners made a conquest of me. The ancient Faith, in which I was little instructed, seemed a tissue of absurdities and tyrannies; it was all swept away by the passionate eloquence of Brother Martin; and what information I afterward obtained was all passed through the medium of my new views. I soon learned that the new master claimed personal infallibility far wider in scope than that of the ancient Church; and that freedom of thought meant only freedom to think as he did. I was the friend of Karlstadt; and seeing what I supposed to be reason in his views, I defended them, and was attacked with a ferocity which I have no talent for enduring.

"Why make a long story! If Luther were free to differ with the received system of fifteen hundred years, I surely was not bound to submit my con-

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science to him. I took refuge with the black or white devil, which ever it were, of Zuingle, and hurled back Brother Martin's thunders. Then the bond of order seemed to be broken in me, and from one absurdity I rushed on to another, until at length I joined Muenzer and his maddened peasants in their wildest and most absurd doctrines and practices.

"Every thing traditional or taught now left me: the inspiration of the moment was my religion. Well, you know the end. Martin the Reformer and Apostle of religious liberty stirred up the civil power against us. We were hunted through these mountains and speared or shot down like wolves. We revenged ourselves by burning villages and castles. Finally we gathered under the rainbow standard, half naked, half armed peasants. A few cannon shot would have dispersed our host; but Luther had forbidden this, and the sword was to be the instrument of our conversion.

And so the end came. We were cut to pieces: our poor peasants, singing a hymn, held out their helpless necks to meet the pitiless sword; and of the thousands upon thousands who had gathered there, scarce twenty escaped. It was a bloody butchery, and I would curse Luther had he left me a belief in anything to curse him by."

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Conrad von Landesauer crossed himself and muttered a prayer, while Clemens continued,

"I received eight wounds, but none of them, unfortunately, was mortal. I was carried from the field and concealed in the inmost recesses of the mines. There I lay until my wounds were healed in pitchy darkness, occasionally made visible by the faint gleam of the miner's lamp. A cold slime trickled from the walls and oozed through the floor whereon my pallet lay. The means of healing were few and imperfect and my recovery was protracted. But it came eventually, and I issued forth at last out of the Cimmerian gloom into the sunshine. But my soul was dark, hopelessly dark for ever. And here I sit now, O Conrad, without faith, hope, charity or God."

The wretched man covered his face and shuddered as if with an ague.

After a moment's silence, von Landesauer addressed him,

"Rouse thyself, old friend, the darkest hour of night is the hour before the dawn."

Am Rhyn looked at him wildly, and answered,

"Hopeless, faithless, loveless, Godless—to such a night there is no dawn."

The soldier rose and began to pace the room in deep thoughtfulness. At last he took a rosary

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from his bosom and told a decade of the beads. Then kissing the crucifix and medal, he walked up to the wretched Clemens, and slapping him heartily on the shoulder, said,

"Awake, I tell thee. I have a project and you shall not, even for old love's sake, deny me. Listen, some sixty miles from here, in the mountains of the Bohemian frontier, I have a domain and an old-fashioned castle. Its whole garrison consists of a few old servants and the peasants who till the lands. Thither shall you ride with me to-morrow, and there will I leave you, for I must hasten to Vienna. But there you shall be Seigneur and alone. There you will find employment for boar spear and arbalast bolt, for the forests abound in wild swine, and the fiercest wolves in Germany haunt the heights. In a couple of months at farthest I will come down with a hunting party and will find you yourself again."

Am Rhyn shook his head sadly.

"Shake not your head at me, man," said Conrad, "you must go if I send a file of men with you."

"Nay, friend," said Am Rhyn, "it shall not need that. All places are alike to me. It were as well to end this miserable being among the Bohemian crags, as elsewhere. Be it as you will."

So in the morning they set out together for

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Waldspurg. On the way Conrad had done his best to infuse some of his own happy spirit into his unfortunate friend; but the latter rode by his side, gloomy and depressed. The knight, after putting Clemens in full possession of the Castle and its domains, stayed but a single night and then departed.

"Let me see your face bright as of old when I come back," were his last words to Clemens.

"There is no brightness of face from a soul helplessly dark as mine," was the gloomy reply.

Then the Ritter and his train galloped off; and the ex-Reformer stood alone, more depressed than ever, by the absence of Conrad.

Berg Waldspurg was a large old fourteenth century affair, with the usual fosse and drawbridge, towers and keep. There was also a small chapel, served when the Castle was full of guests, from a monastery of Franciscans a few miles off. The country in the rear was of the wildest description: a gloomy forest clothed the sides of a broken range of mountains; and among these, flowed and foamed the Dresser, a vast torrent which pelted its way among jagged crags and treacherous precipices to the lowlands, where it united with the Iser and flowed into the Elbe.

Among these wild and savage rocks and fast-

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nesses, the wretched Am Rhyn wandered all day; sinking hourly, as it were, into deeper and blacker despair. An occasional encounter with a wolf or boar aroused him into momentary excitement, but he seemed to bear a charmed life, as those who are weary of existence usually do.

And thus the months rolled on until the beginning of the winter, when the lord of the domain arrived with a gay party of hunters from the Capital. To please his friend, Clemens struggled to awaken from his death lethargy, but in vain; every attempt at gaiety only plunged him back deeper into gloom. Conrad remonstrated and argued with him, merrily, angrily, religiously; but it was useless. He had joined them often in the chase, but never yet at the banquet which followed it, and now the Ritter determined to insist on his presence there also.

Nor must it be supposed, in employing these human means which seemed to him wisest, that von Landesauer neglected better and higher ones. The daily Mass in the chapel was said for Am Rhyn; and his friend had besought the prayers of all his friends and fervently uttered his own for the darkened soul. Now, seeing Clemens about to set out for his afternoon ramble, he exacted a promise that he would attend the banquet in the evening.

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"You should not go unarmed among the hills there," he said kindly.

Am Rhyn shewed his boar spear.

"That is all well in its way," said the stout hunter, "but you should have a good wood-knife at your belt besides. I would not have you devoured by wolves like the child in the nurse's legend. But I see you weary of me. Away with you! and be back for the night meal, as you have promised."

Am Rhyn saluted his friend and set off for the mountains. There he wandered about, objectless, dull and heavy. At length he noticed that the day was near its close and recollected his promise. He chose his course by the sun and started on his way homeward. But he had gone a long way from the Castle, and the sky was crimson with sunset before he recognized any of the passes as being even in the neighborhood of Waldspurg.

Then he found himself at a place where he had often rested in his long and gloomy strolls. It was a hunter's road at the foot of a mass of rocks, covered with dwarf cedar and impenetrable juniper copse. The rude road or rather pathway extended in width from these rocks about six or seven feet, and then sloped rather abruptly to the edge of a precipice; and at the foot of that, many, many feet below,

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roared the wild Dresser over its bed of broken rocks.

As Am Rhyn hastened along, he was arrested by a pair of green burning eyes which flashed on him from in front. He saw a huge old wolf, a well known monster, marked by the teeth of many a hound. The severe chase which had been kept up for some weeks by the Ritter and his party had resulted in the death of all but the oldest and most cunning of these brutes, and these it had deprived of their wonted prey; so that this one stood now glaring at Am Rhyn, gaunt, hollow sided and mad with hunger.

The unfortunate man saw by the fierce eyes which did not shun his, and by the hungry slaver that dripped from the cruel jaws, that the savage creature was about to attack him. Then he remembered the recommendation of Conrad to take a knife. He had nothing but the short boar spear, on which the straight rushing charge of the wild boar is received, which is steadied by the knee of the kneeling hunter, and only requires to be directed below the shoulder. But the wolf does not charge; it leaps upon the hunter, snaps and springs away, so that a blow must be given by the weapon.

This Am Rhyn endeavored to do, and as the brute sprang open-jawed upon him, he smote at its

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heart with all his force. But the weapon struck outside of the shoulder and though it pierced the hide, and ran in between that and the ribs, it touched no mortal part. But the pain saved Am Rhyn's neck from the fierce snapping jaws, and ere the brute could snap again, he had grasped it by the throat. Then his foot slipped and both fell and rolled down the slope. For one second only, there was a terrific struggle on the brink, and then man and brute fell together over the brow of the cliff.

More than an hour passed by before Am Rhyn recovered his senses, and then it was in pitchy darkness that he knew himself to be alive. At first he fancied himself in the mines and that he felt the pain of his wounds. He strove to move his right arm, it was broken; he tried to rise without it, his right leg had snapped below the knee; he stretched out his left arm and his fingers touched the edge of the cliff, and from a hundred feet below came up the roar of the torrent; he strained his eyes into the darkness, but it was rayless and absolute; and then close beside him rose a long, agonized, hollow howl that made his heart stand still and the blood curdle in his veins.

Then he began to guess at his situation. That he and the wolf had fallen upon a ledge of rock, and that on his left hand was the sheer precipice.

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How large the space was whereon he lay he knew not, nor in what condition the wolf was. But he knew that he lay there perfectly helpless, in Egyptian gloom, and that he would probably be devoured alive, when longer hunger should give fresh ferocity to the monster beside him. Devoured! not with his blood heated and in the excitement of a struggle for life, but slowly, piecemeal as he lay there powerless even to strike a blow.

Meantime he recognised the profoundity of the darkness; it was so absolute that it seemed to press upon him with physical weight, and its horror thrilled through his soul. He began to think whether he believed anything, hoped anything, feared anything, but he discovered nothing but a blank, except the fear of death from the jaws of the monster near him.

He recalled his career with Muenzer; how he had led on the poor peasants, by pretended revelations, the fruits of his wilfully and madly excited brain, and which he knew were all false and baseless; how he had led them to pillage and incendiary violence; how he led them like sheep to the slaughter house of Frankenhausen. But why had he done it? What had he believed, hoped, loved, that made him do it? The guilt was plain enough, but there was

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no answer to the question of "*Why ?*" The mind to that, remained imperviously dark as the terrible night.

Was there anything in Zuinglianism, or in Karlstadt's views which he had forsaken for it, or in Luther's, whom he had left for Karlstadt. Back, back went his memory through that blind maze of errors, growing only dizzier and blinder as it went on.

"Ah," he moaned, "was there nothing in these? did I never believe, nor hope nor love? Was it always this awful silence and darkness."

And for only answer the inscrutable blackness clung closer round him, and again the long agonized howl arose and quivered through the gloom.

Back! back! out from this terror, back closer to the outset of life. Through the campaigning time and his gay soldier comrades; through his merry college days. Beyond those! beyond those! to his childhood. Ah! as he lies there on the brink of death, what is it that he sees? White, white with pain and sorrow, it is his mother's face; frightfully white it shows, framed in the palpable darkness. He knows it at once although he never saw that look upon it in life. Then he recognises that the anguish and pain are for him. A ray breaks in upon his soul; the outline of an image, a Lady crowned with

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stars, makes itself dimly visible, and the pallid mother-face turns imploringly and lovingly to that and then to him.

"More light, God!" he gasps, and his prayer is heard. His childhood comes back with its tenderness and its prayer. Snatches as of an old litany break in upon his memory; all his dear love for his mother, his child belief in her beautiful religion, his child hope of a never-fading heaven with her at the feet of Mary and Her Son, rush back upon his soul, and as the hot tears, the first in long, long years, burst from his eyes, he cries from his inmost heart,

"Stella Matutina! Ora pro me!"

The vision grew dim, and his eyes followed it as it faded out, out into the night. Then he saw that the blackness of darkness was changed to grey: and every moment that grey grew lighter in its tint, then it broke away on high, and through the rifts peered the deep, stainless blue, and as the azure broadened there flashed from its heart, the diamond lustre of a star. And as the glory quivered earthward, the gloomy mass was broken up in clouds, and a swift breeze swept them away, until the ether was stainless as the soul of a new christened child, and in the deeps of its purity the star shone steadfast and beautiful and serene.

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It was the Star of the Morning.

He turned his head painfully and saw the wolf. Its back had been broken and it was paralyzed. As it met his eyes the lips were drawn back in a snarl, and it opened its cavernous jaws as if to howl, but their escaped only a long, hissing gasp; then the savage head fell, and the gaunt form shuddered and stiffened out and lay there ugly and dead.

The heart of Am Rhyn melted into prayer; and his soul swam in an ecstasy of gratitude and penitence. From this he was recalled by a shout. He summoned his strength to reply, and his feeble call was echoed by a dozen voices. A moment more and from the cliff above him he saw the face of Conrad von Landesauer.

The peasants of that neighborhood were skillful cragsmen, and he was soon taken from his dreadful couch. He was borne in a rude litter to the castle, and there God's mercy, through the ministry of the Franciscans, soon restored both soul and body to health.

He followed his friend to the Court of Charles the Fifth and served that Emperor well and long. When Charles retired to his monastery at Yuste, Clemens Am Rhyn retreated to the neighborhood of Waldspurg, and there on the banks of the Iser with the wealth he had gained, he built and endowed for

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the children of Saint Francis, the Church and the Convent of *Maria, Stella Matutina.*

Then entering as a lay brother into that order, his name disappeared from the memory of men, to be written with more loving clearness in God's Book of Life on high.

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THE SHRINE AT BORNHOFEN.

Once in ancient Andernach,
Sitting 'neath an arching vine,
Heard I music soft and solemn,
Rolling upward from the Rhine.
And within a boat that floated
Past my leafy resting place,
Women sang an air, the oarsmen
Sang the full deep-chested bass.

And a couch, all sadly fashioned,
At the curving prow was spread;
At its head a cross stood upright,
In its folds a child lay dead.
And, whatever else their utterance,
This, the chorus of their wail,
"Ah! have mercy on us, Jesu!
Mary, Help of Christians, hail!"

Seven drear winters, six long summers,
Dwelt that little one on earth;
Never had her cheek worn roses,
Nor her lip a smile of mirth.
Thin and speechless and distorted,
With much suffering she had lain;
All her utterance was but moaning,
All her feeble life was pain.

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So then when the colds had vanished
And the rath Spring clothed the vine,
Said her mother, "I will bear her
To our gentle Lady's shrine.
To our Lady of Bornhofen;
Of all mothers she most mild;
And, if we are earnest-hearted,
She, mayhap, will heal the child."

So a band of kindly Germans
Formed a pious pilgrim line,
Chanting hymns and telling chaplets,
As they tracked the lordly Rhine.
In the front the Cross they carried,
Near the child so mute and frail,
And they sang, "Have mercy, Jesu!
Mary, Help of Christians, hail!"

Mass is said and gone the people,
Quenched the altar tapers' glare;
But alone amid the silence
Still the pilgrims kneel in prayer!
Towards the Image on the altar
They the feeble child uphold,
And their litany is chanted,
And their beads devoutly told.

Then they saw our gentle Lady
As her sweet lips, parting, smiled,
Float down towards them off the altar,
And stand radiant o'er the child.
"Free from pain fore'er I make her,
Free from sorrow and from smart!"

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And she laid her sacred fingers
On the feebly throbbing heart!

Then the hymn "*O Gloriosa*,"
From the kneeling band arose.
But the Image on the altar
Stood again in mute repose,
And in thanks for gracious pity
Lowly bowed each reverent head
For upon its mother's bosom
Smiling, sweet, the child lay dead.

Then they see how true that mercy!
Even the weeping mother feels.
She is wisest who so orders,
She is gentlest who so heals.
Now as home they bring their burden,
Flower crowned, beautiful and pale,
Still they chant, "Have mercy, Jesu!
Mary, Help of Christians, hail!"

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MARY THE QUEEN.

Oh spotless Queen of Heaven! where the throng
Of the blessed kneel around thee and thy Son;
Where they pour their most triumphant, sweetest song,
Stands the splendid throne of glory thou hast won.
Won by prayer and holy deeds,
And by patience meek and still;
By a love that even cherub love exceeds,
And conformity most perfect to God's will.

Oh, bitter on the earth here was the pain
That pitilessly quivered through thy heart;
'T was envenomed by the hate and sin of men,
And the hand of God's own justice hurled the dart.
But thy pain hath passed away,
Earth can work no more annoy;
Thou has entered on the bright eternal day,
And the azure deeps of Heaven ring with joy.

Lo! a glory from the Father's presence starts,
Floating onward to thy rapt adoring view;
On and onward, till the cloud of radiance parts,
And the silver voice of seraphs trembles through.
"Queen revered and Mother dear,
Spotless Lady, thou art come;
Welcome home!" are the sounds that greet thine ear
And the heart of Heaven echoes "Welcome home!"

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Then before the last sweet notes have died away,
Come the Patriarchs with brows so broad and calm;
And their oriental reverence they pay
And uplift their deep and slow majestic psalm.
And again the altaf coal
Fires Esaiah's lips, and fleet
Flow the numbers as he pours his poet soul,
In a flood of perfect music, at thy feet.

And mingling with the grand prophetic flow,
The hymn of the Apostles is outpoured;
As they stand, a guard of honor, round thee now,
Those brethren and companions of the Lord.
Hark! the sound of martial tread,
And the Martyr host is seen;
As they march, with pomp of banners crimson-red
And thrilling shouts of victory, past the Queen.

Then winnowing the air, like a flight
Of doves, the train of Virgins moveth on,
Crowned with stainless lily buds and robed in white,
Led by Agnes and thine own adopted John,
"Hail Virgin Mother dear,
Hail Immaculate!" they cry.
And the liquid tenor pierces pure and clear
Through the choral swell of all the saints on high

O Mary, ever Virgin, hear our prayers
As we join them to those glad exultant cries;
Hear us Lady, by thy pain, by thy tears,
By thy triumph, by thy glory in the skies!
Let our deep and earnest love,
Our devotion pure and strong,

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Urge thy gentle mother-tenderness to move,
The hearts of those who dare to do thee wrong.

Who deny thine incommunicable worth,
Who reject thine intercession and thy love;
Who in hatred to God's church upon the earth,
Would dishonor even His mother throned above.
But for all our sins and theirs,
May our reverent zeal atone,
That we all may win forgiveness by thy prayers,
And like thee may pass through death to a throne.

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Agnus Dei qui tollis, peccata mundi, parce nobis Domine.

Agnus Dei qui tollis, peccata mundi, Exaudi nos Domine.

Agnus Dei qui tollis, peccata mundi, miserere nobis.

Christi audi nos.

Christi exaudi nos.

Kyrie eleison.

Christe eleison.

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POEMS

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THE DENIAL OF PETER.

MEEKLY stood the Child of Mary
Robed in purple, crowned with thorn:
Priest and scribe and mercenary
Mocked the holy Virgin-born.
'Mid that hall's rude din and jostle
While He stood, mocked, scourged, defamed,
Bitterest shaft, one false Apostle
Thrice his suffering Lord disclaimed.

To the anguish of that trial
While he lent this keenest smart,
In the midst of his denial,
Rang the cock-crow through his heart.
O, the trumpet of the angel,
When its awful peal shall blow
The supreme and dread evangel—
Scarce had thrilled him so.

As the cruel words are spoken
Jesu gives one look, His last,
And before the heart, now broken,
Startled memory paints the past.
Fades the hall, the scourge, the mocking,
Comes that Walker by the sea,
When his fisher's boat was rocking
On the swell of Galilee.

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Seems he once again as hearing
That divine melodious call
Which unquestioning, unfearing,
Bade him follow, leaving all.
Here the crowd of all diseases
Own the Blessed's holy Son,
And the gentle touch of Jesus
Healeth every one.

For a mother's fond endearments
Lives once more the youth of Nain;
From his cold and tainted cerements
Lazarus comes forth again.
Here the billows agitation
Sinks before Emanuel's might;
There, in that Transfiguration,
Peals the Voice and gleams the Light.

There the Garden where He sorrowed,
There the hall where scourges rung;
There the racked and pallid forehead
Where the awful blood-drops hung.
Every terrible exertion
None but Christ for man could make,
Now upbraids him with desertion,
Asking how he *could* forsake.

Gone is his self approbation,
Sin's abundant source and spring;
He hath fallen at that temptation,
Hath denied his God and King.
Now no more a self-relier,
Grief, like torrents, o'er him swept;

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And the pale heart wrung denier
Bowed him down and wept.

Oh *thou* easy self-approver
Mailed in triple folds of pride,
Shouldst *thou* prove a lukewarm lover
Of the Lord Who for thee died,
Should'st thou boast before the trial,
Vaunt before the strife begin;
Then be guilty of denial,
And fall headlong into sin;

Go, before Jehovah curses,
Spurred by love and winged by fears,
Go, and to the Lord of Mercies
Offer up the gift of tears.
Sin was sweet, be sorrow sweeter,
Let thy penance probe thee deep:
Hast thou erred with erring Peter,
With *Saint* Peter weep!

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HOLY INNOCENTS.

Most lovely were ye in your early smiles,
Young messengers of God;
But lovelier now ye tread the sacred aisles
Of that divine abode,
Which on Monnt Zion stands,
Even the House of God not made with human hands.

Pure lilies were ye, gathered in your May,
Buds of the human spring,
While spotless culled, and strewn upon the way
Of the advancing King.
A preparation meet
For that most painful path trod by His blessed feet.

A holy harvest; and, although the sword
Reaped you in bitter pain,
By angels garnered, by Emanuel stored
Amid the golden grain;
Turning your little loss
Into eternal gain, by His most powerful cross.

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Now walk ye with the Lamb arrayed in white,
Bearing the fadeless palms,
Ye sweep your golden harps with chords of light,
And chant unending psalms
To God the Crucified,
To Him who died for you, to Him for whom you died.

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ASCENDIT DEUS!

Ascendit Deus! How the cry shakes Hell
To the foundations of its vast abyss.
Ascendit Deus! Ne'er did utterance swell
The heart of earth with such ecstatic bliss.

Ascendit Deus! Hark! the Angels raise
The notes, and ne'er did God's seraphic throng,
Through Heaven's whole immortality of praise,
Pour such an outburst of exultant song.

Ascendit Deus! Time resigns its trust
And Hate its victim. Now no more shall He
Wander aweary through Judean dust,
Nor tread the wave of dark blue Galilee.

No more shall ingrate earth refuse to Him
A spot where He may lay His aching head;
Never again His sacred eyes grow dim
With tears of human sorrow for the dead:

Nor human judgment speak its own disgrace,
Nor coward conscience vain excuses urge;
The spittle shall not soil that sacred face
Nor that world-saving blood stream 'neath the scourge.

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Never again that yearning Heart shall bear
The pang of love deceived; the traitor's loss:
Nor Mother's pain, nor reed nor nail nor spear,
Nor crown of thorns nor bitter, bitter cross.

But peace ineffable, love without bound,
Rest everlasting, joy that never dies;
Sceptred with perfect righteousness and crowned
With infinite dominion in the skies.

Myriads of angels at his feet bow down,
And veil their faces with their spotless wings;
While white robed armies gird His flashing throne,
And hail Him Lord of Lords and King of Kings.

Oh conqueror of Hell, stretch out Thy hand;
Hear from thy holy, everlasting throne,
Help me and guide to that far-off land,
Where I shall find joy, glory like Thine own.

Yes, Jesu, like Thine own; when Thou shalt greet
Me, the blood ransomed; when myself I fling,
To press my lips upon Thy wounded feet,
Oh my eternal and triumphant King!

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MAGDALENA.

'Twas within the Hebrew palace,
At the Hebrew ruler's board,
From her alabaster chalice
Magdalen the spikenard poured.
Flowed the costly perfume, filling
All the air with odors sweet,
But from Mary's eyes distilling,
Came an offering yet more meet
Even than the fragrant ointment,
For the worn and weary feet
Of her blessed Lord.

Ever weeping, ever loving,
Low she kneeled beside Him there,
Tears and fragrance both removing
With her rich and silken hair,
Where the jewels used to cluster
In the days of guilt and shame,
Now illumed with brighter lustre
Which from God's forgiveness came
For her boundless love and sorrow
For the ne'er unheeded claim
Of an earnest prayer.

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Then Iscariot reproved her,
Thinking 'twould his store increase :*
But when Jesus looked He loved her
And He bade their murmurs cease,
Saying, "Not for her preferment
Doth she thus before Me bow;
But it is for Mine interment
That she so anoints Me now."
Then He uttered, turning toward her
His serene and gentle brow,
"Mary, Go in peace!"

Mary rose, no more a sinner,
Ever in His steps to move.
Cleansed, absolved, the Soul within her
Throbbed immeasurable love.
She His draught of anguish swallowed,
Counted all her wealth no loss,
In His path of sorrow followed,
Hung her heart upon His cross,
Loved and wept and imitated,
'Till she went to lay her cross
At His feet above.

Oh, eternal God and Saviour
Make us pure without, within,
Win us from all ill behavior
Open fault and secret sin,

* "Then Judas Iscariot who should betray Him, said, 'Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred denarii and given to the poor?' This he said, not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief and carried the purse."—St. John, xii. 5, 6.

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May the Blood of Thine atonement
Cause our dying souls to live:
From the height of Thine enthronement
Bend in pity and forgive;
That Thy glory's gates may open
And our ransomed souls receive
Power to enter in.

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LOWLINESS.

"Let this mind be in you which was also in CHRIST JESUS; who, being in the form of GOD, thought it no robbery Himself to be equal with GOD; but debased Himself, taking the form of a servant."—PHIL. ii., 7.

"Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles."—MAGNIFICAT.

GOD looketh on the lowly;
The Eternal THREE in ONE,
Though crowned and high and holy,
Yet loves His humblest son.
He for the very poorest
Some Angel-guardian chose;
Nor cares for the tall forest
More than the valley rose.

Not in the lordly palace
Was Gabriel's message told;
Nor was the Saviour's chalice
Of sorrow, wrought of gold,
Not to proud princess, laden
With sceptre and with crown,
But to the Jewish Maiden
The PARACLETE came down.

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Who were the LORD'S well wishers?
Not men of high degree;
But the poor, patient fishers
On dark blue Galilee!
Grieve not, poor man, and fear not,
Nor weep, O humble heart,
Pray, labor, and despair not!
Beloved of CHRIST thou art.

O envy not the regal:
But let that soul of thine
Be ever as the eagle
Upon the mountain pine.
What though the lightning splinter
Thy life's uncared for tree:—
What though it be all winter,
And cold and storms for thee;—
What though the trunk be riven;—
What though the boughs be bare:
Keep thou thine eye on Heaven,
For GOD hath summer there.

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HYMN FOR A LENTEN VIGIL.

"Watch therefore; for ye know not at what hour, your Lord doth come."—St. Matt. xxiv. 16.

Watch to-night with penance, vigil, fast and weeping;
Pray for all the sleeping; for the sinner pray.
Let not sloth o'ercome us lest He see us slumber
When He comes to number His elect array.

Foolish virgins perished, slothful and belated,
For while yet they waited, lo, the Bridegroom came.
Oh, may none be with us who the vigil feareth,
Lest when Christ appeareth he be struck with shame.

Should your tepid spirit tire of supplication,
Let your meditation be how Jesus prayed:
Should you grow impatient of the midnight dreary,
Chant the Miserere—that will give you aid.

Think of all his anguish through the Crucifixion,
When His benediction on the good thief fell;
Think how great the fondness that such pangs could smoth'er
Till unto His mother He had said Farewell.

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Oh, if in that awful Passion in the Garden,
Jesus, for our pardon, felt all sorrow's power,
If He felt on Calvary even His God forsaking,
Cannot we, awaking, watch with Him one hour?

Rouse thee from thy visions, O thou idle dreamer,
Turn to our Redeemer with an earnest faith;
And come Thou to help us, Priest and King and Pastor,
Save us, holy Master, from the sleep of Death.

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GIVE US TO-DAY OUR—BREAD.

In an impoverished and cheerless room,
Three little Christian children silent lay;
And rag-clad, in a corner's deepest gloom,
They saw a mother's clay;
No soul was in it.

'Mid all our warmth, 'mid our luxurious carving,
'Mid all the wealth we lavish on our pride,
That woman lay there, ill and cold and starving,
And in the night she died.
Pardon us, Jesu.

The children had not slept, the frost prevented;
By her still side who bore them, they lay still.
Her lot was hard, why should she be lamented,
Although that rest were chill,
Chill and untended?

But when the morning mists began to gather
Upon the broken panes, one raised his head,
And with clasped hands said, "Give us, O, our Father,
This day our daily bread."
And God hath heard him.

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Up where the true Bread liveth hath His angel
Borne those poor children, and on His dear breast,
Even as He promiseth in His Evangel,
They sleep and are at rest.
No cold, no night there!

No hunger can torment them now, nor other
Sorrow come near them, tears are there unknown;
They are beside their father and their mother,
Near the Eternal Throne!
Pardon *us*, Jesu!

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GOOD FRIDAY.

"Burnt offering and sacrifice for sin Thou wouldest not. Then said I—Lo! I Come!"

O MIGHTY waters! wherefore do ye sleep?
What fetters your proud waves' exulting spring?—
There swept a voice athwart the shuddering deep,
"They crucify my King!"

What is the agony that rocks thee so,
O, solemn earth? What do these horrors bring?—
The answer burst with a convulsive throe,
"They crucify my King!"

Why art thou wrapt in gloom, O land of stars?
Why o'er the noon doth midnight spread her wing!—
Moaned the response from Heaven's o'erclouded bars,
"They crucify my King!"

Woman beneath the cross where He is nailed,
Why weepest thou? Who is this suffering One?—
She wrung her weak hands piteously, and wailed
"He is mine only Son!"

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How sinned He, that they doomed Him to the Cross?
"He healed their sick; restored their blind," she said,
"And when they sought a grave to weep their loss,
He gave them back their dead."

*

I looked, and fell.—Upon his thorn-wreathed brow
The death sweat mingled with great drops of blood:
And from His feet the life-tide trickling slow,
Streamed down the accursed wood.

A red stain marred the lips so deadly pale
Whose gaspings marked the ebbing of life's sand;
And the white fingers clenched upon the nail
That pierced the tortured hand.

Sudden, the howling multitude was awed,
As His great throes of anguish shook the tree;
And a strong cry rung forth, "My GOD! my GOD!
Thou hast forsaken Me!"

O King! O GOD! lay not on me this blame,
By those torn hands; that rent and bleeding side;
That crown of thorns; that death of pangs and shame,—
Mercy, O Crucified!

By Thy dear Mother's tears, Thine own last look,
By all that entrance to Thy kingdom wins,
O blot forever from Thy dreadful Book,
The record of my sins!

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Help me to pray; to keep an humble fast;
To have a fixed immutable Faith; to shine
In all good works of love, that so at last,
Thy glory may be mine!

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A PLEA FOR THE PAST.

I.

Lone beside yon headlong torrent,
Hung by fir trees dark and horrent,
Where the clustering ivy droops
O'er the white and foaming current;
Where the gloomy owlet whoops;—
By the mournful ruin there,
Sate the mournful wanderer.

Moonlight played through crumbling arches,
Through the yawning window frames;
There the thick and weeping larches
Hung o'er half erased names
Vanishing, forgotten, lone
Upon broken cross and stone
In the planets silver gleaming
Sate he there, not idly dreaming,
But his thoughtful brain was swimming
With the music of wild rhymes
Of the olden hero times.

Yonder where the drooping willows
Shade the broad reclaimed marsh;
Yonder, where the sweeping billows
Lift their voices, wild and harsh

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With the war that ocean wages;
Yonder, where the glacier pillows
Its cold head amid the snows—
Cold as death, that dread repose!—
Up there, 'mid the ice of ages,
Whence the mighty mountain launches
Down the thundering avalanches
On the villages and vales;
On the tall crag's dizzy ledges,
Where the chamois hunter pales;
On the precipiee's edges,
Whence the leaping torrent rages;
'Mid the rank and steaming sedges
On the limits of the fen,—
There were bands of holy men
Who gave up their earnest mind
To the bettering of their kind.
Loving JESU and their neighbor,
Living but by prayer and labor,
In the days of spear and sabre,
When men loved the minstrel's rhymes,
In the bye gone hero times!

When the hungry came they fed him:
When the pilgrim strayed they led him
Right, and asked his prayers for payment;
For the captive, consolation,
For the thirsty, cool potation,
For the destitute, warm raiment
Waited at the Convent door:
Then the clay of paupers found
Rest in consecrated ground.

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For the sick their love was nigh;
They were piteous to the poor,
And their record is on high!

And with all, O modern wrothful,
They were not so very slothful!
When the olden lore, forgotten
In the parchment manuscripts,
Lay 'mid dust and mildew rotten
In the damp unwholesome crypts,
They rebrought it into day,
Washed the many stains away,
Copying every letter over
With the patience of a lover
And the wisdom of a sage.
And, in our conceited age,
If the whole world be a college
Where each learns a *little* knowledge,
'Tis that all its hoards are drawn
From the wells of learning sunk
By some now forgotten monk,
Slumbering maybe 'neath the lawn,
Of a desecrated Abbey
Called to-day, "the Priory,"
Re-established with a shabby
Mocking of the tracery*
Where some holy architect
Chiselled out the songs of praise
Which the beauteous columns decked
In the olden hero days.

Take your modern steam and powder;—
Steam inflates and power raises,

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And ye chant *their* praises louder
Than ye chant your Maker's praises,
For on these ye build your hopes,
And with these deceive the masses,—
Take your magnifying glasses;
Your far sighted telescopes,
And your air pumps; all these came
By a monk from whose old name
With what power ye had, ye've taken
All the glory—Roger Bacon!

Yes, ye drain the juicy boughs
And ye mock the ancient trunk;
Yet your modern honor flows
All from that one idle monk
Who found time to work and pray,
Time to chant the choral psalms,
Time to give the pauper alms,
Time to give *you* power to-day!
There were vicious, there were idle,
Too quick or too slow to stir;
These, they wanted curb and bridle,
Those had need of whip and spur,
But the many were no lurkers
By a convent's fattening board;
They were very earnest workers
In the vineyard of the Lord!

II.

Then in every quaint, old city
There were Sisterhoods of Pity:

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Sisterhoods forever going
Through the dim and winding-street;
With their dark robes meekly flowing
To their mercy-winged feet.
Ever free and open-handed,
Giving to whoe'er demanded;
Searching out the poor and needy,
Yet, such very gentle judges,
That the idle and the greedy,
Mingling with life's weary drudges,
Found a ready aid and speedy.
Theirs was not the alms that grudges;
They had slight discrimination;
Mercy was their first sensation.
First the *gave*, and *then* reflected;
Left *no* charity neglected;
Feared to send away even any:
Lest, 'mid the unworthy many
Loudly clamoring at their door,
There might be some worthy poor:
Lest among those asking aid
Some of God's lambs might have strayed

III.

Oh, my brothers! as ye wander
Through the winding ways of life,
Hear the poet! stop, and ponder
In the pauses of your strife:
E'er forevermore ye squander
All the coined gold of life
On your madness; pause and ponder!

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In your earthquake revolutions;
In your sweeping reformations;
In your headlong blind ablutions
Of the olden time's pollutions;
In your overthrow of nations:—
Stop! even there amid the surges
Of your life sea, e'er it urges
You to death upon its swell,
With its mournful sounding dirges
Ringing out your funeral knell,
Pause and think! Have ye done well?
Was it either wise or holy?
Was it not a melancholy
And a blind and heartless folly,
Thus to drive from town and city,
All those Sisterhoods of Pity!
All that troop of praying people,
Who, in tempests as in calms
Ever, with uplifted palms,
Prayed amid the solemn booming
Of the bells that rocked the steeple;
And amid their ceaseless alms,
Sent the music of their psalms
Up to God amid the fuming
Of the incense balms!

Are ye truly any better
For the convent desecrated?
For the hospice desolated?
Have ye broken any fetter,
Have ye made man freer, better,
By the altar overthrown?

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By the grave-yard's broken stone?
By the down-cast splintered cross?
By the irreparable loss
Of the lives of countless poor,
Dying at your very door,
Who had been alive and merry,
In the olden monastery?
Are ye better for the severance
Of your lives from holy faith?
Better for your cold irreverence?
Better for your dread of death?
Have you fewer paupers now?
Is your pity any deeper
For the poor Cain's seared brow?
Is the alms-house any cheaper
Than the hospice? and are men
Gentler to the Magdalen?

Ye too have your eloquent preachers;
Ye too have your eager teachers,
Who, to your great heedlessness,
When ye ask will answer, "yes!"
But, my brethren, they are wrong.
Hear my voice, though 'tis a song
In these acts of yours—I know it—
That your love hath had no part;
Hear me—God hath given the poet
For the teacher of your heart.—
And I tell you in my burning
Love for you, and in the yearning
That I have for by-gone times,
Which I chant in rudest rhymes,

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That ye merited not the boon;
That the time is coming soon,
But not sooner than ye want it,
When—as undeservéd guerdon,
Ye will kneel and weeping pray
To the piteous God for pardon,
That ye drove these things away,
May He grant it!

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MUSIC.

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Norseland Vesper Hymn.

BY HENRY J. WIESEL.

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NORSELAND VESPER HYMN.

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NORSELAND VESPER HYMN.

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Father, lend a Gracious Ear.

BY HENRY J. WIESEL.

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FATHER LEND A GRACIOUS EAR.

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